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JUN 4 5 1979





*The clink of the punt-pole on the river bed . . . the little splash of a diving moor-hen. The square solidity of the lock gates . . . the grey feathers of a weeping willow. The loud impatience of a crowded pleasure steamer . . . the backwater where time and the world stand still. And for perfection, one thing more —*

NUMBER SEVEN

*Fine 'Virginia' Cigarettes 20 for 3/10*

ALSO Abdulla Turkish and Egyptian

ABDULLA & CO. LTD . 173 NEW BOND STREET . LONDON W.1



Cut for comfort and freedom — that's why 'Celanese' is the popular choice of men everywhere. See the smooth, hard-wearing 'Celanese' Utility lock-nit underwear at your outfitters — athletic-style vests and trunks in various shades and sizes

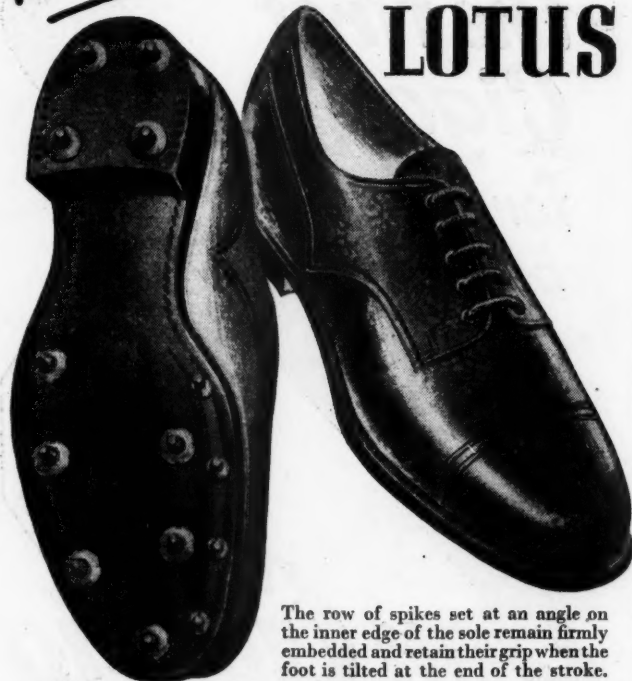
**Celanese**  
VALUE FOR MEN

ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR • SPORTS SHIRTS • TIES

*Henry Cotton*

always wears and recommends -

**LOTUS**



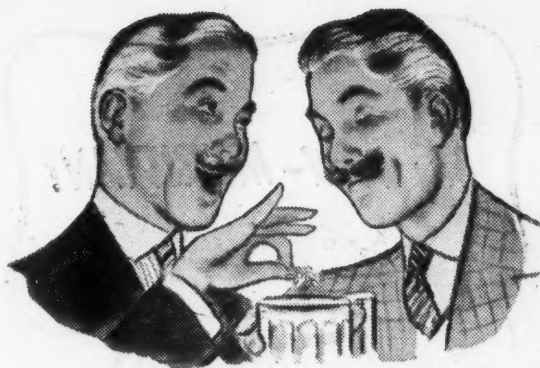
The row of spikes set at an angle on the inner edge of the sole remain firmly embedded and retain their grip when the foot is tilted at the end of the stroke.

**Anglespike Shoes for Golf**

Postage of this form—Great Britain and Ireland, 2d.

Canada, 1d.

Elsewhere Overseas, 2d.



**Green grows the Borage O!**

This miniature bouquet you lay so reverently on my Pimm's, old boy — awfully jolly and all that, but what's the idea? . . . That's funny. Could have sworn you said Borage . . . Oh, you did. I see . . . Makes the most heavenly drink on earth positively seventh-heavenly, does it? . . . Now why didn't they tell us that on our refresher courses?

We make Pimm's from suave London distilled gin and continental liqueurs. You add lemonade and ice: top with borage. *What! got no borage?* Write Pimm's, 98, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2. for a free packet of Carter's tested seeds. It's pretty and easy to grow.

**PIMM'S No. 1**

THE BEAUTY OF READY-TO-WEAR is that you can see the suit on and satisfy yourself as to fit, colour, pattern, cloth, before you buy.

We have a good choice of fine worsteds — quality and tailoring are, of course, first-class



**MOSS BROS**  
OF COVENT GARDEN  
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of  
Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2  
Temple Bar 4477  
AND BRANCHES





KNITWEAR • UNDERWEAR • SLUMBERWEAR • SOCKS

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. Est 1815. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

men's tailored sandal



The Men's sandal with the well-tailored air—informal yet not too casual for other than beach wear. Northampton made in beige or ginger suede, with either leather or crepe rubber welted sole.

**Moccasin**

SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Moccasin Shoes, please write to Padmore & Barnes Ltd., Northampton.



### TRY A MYERS & GINGER ALE

INTO a medium sized glass pour a measure of 'Myers'. Add about 6 drops of lime or lemon juice, using the fresh fruit if possible. Put in a couple of cubes of ice, and add ginger ale to your taste. Stir gently and serve cold. A grand, refreshing drink!

70° PROOF

**THE**  
**DARK & MELLOW**  
**RUM**

The 'Myers' recipe booklet is full of good ideas. Write for copy to: Gillespie Bros. & Co. Ltd., Dept. W5, Ling House, Dominion St. E.C.2

BOTTLED IN JAMAICA

**The First  
Cigar  
for the  
best  
days**



EST. 1863

**Don Garcia**

MADE IN FIVE SIZES

Trade Enquiries: "Don Garcia" Liaison Bureau, 11 Bedford Sq., W.C.1





## LODGE PLUGS

Used by **THE WINNERS** of all the 1948  
European Motor Car Grand Prix Races

**GRAND PRIX OF EUROPE**  
**BRITISH R.A.C. GRAND PRIX**  
**BELGIAN (24 hours) GRAND PRIX**  
**FRENCH GRAND PRIX**  
**ITALIAN GRAND PRIX**  
**MONZA GRAND PRIX**

also

**BRITISH HILL CLIMB CHAMPION**  
Raymond Mays

Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby, England

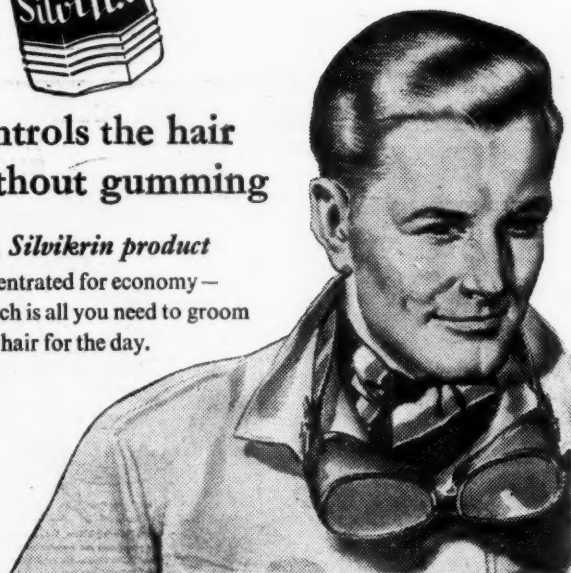
Something just a little better—



## Silwifix

controls the hair  
without gumming

*A Silvikrin product*  
concentrated for economy—  
a touch is all you need to groom  
your hair for the day.



G1/E/U

the new **Windak**  
for men

Styled for freedom of  
action. Threaded Elastic  
waistline. Roomy patch  
pockets. Remarkably  
weatherproof. Additional  
linings on shoulders. In  
bright colours. Light and  
airy.



for women



Straightfronted. Waist fitted,  
side elastic. Remarkably  
weatherproof. Pivot sleeve,  
freedom back. "Tuff stuff."  
Buggy lined at shoulders.



WINDAK LTD. WOODSIDE

POYNTON

CHESHIRE

JN743

## ATCO BOATIMPELLER

This new ATCO product provides inexpen-  
sive lightweight portable power for almost  
any type of light craft. Its simplicity of de-  
sign assures extreme reliability and economy  
in operation for work or pleasure. The  
Boatimpeller can be transported in the boot  
of a small car, and requires only a few  
minutes to be brought into use. Please write  
for illustrated literature and learn the many  
advantages of this outstanding power unit.

**CHARLES H. PUGH, LIMITED**  
WHITWORTH WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, 9

Atco Motor Mowers, Atcoscythes,  
Atco Boatimpellers, Atco Service.



PRICE £35 COMPLETE



By Appointment  
Suppliers of Linen to  
H.M. King George VI.

**Robinson  
and  
Cleaver**

famous for  
**FINE  
LINENS**



THE LINEN HALL  
REGENCY STREET, LONDON  
Also at Belfast,  
Bournemouth and Liverpool



Here's health — from your Baker



Stocked  
by All  
Leading  
Stores

LIST FREE FROM  
IFCO LTD LIVERPOOL 3

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INTERNATIONAL  
STAMP AUCTIONEERS  
CATALOGUES OF WEEKLY SALES  
6<sup>d</sup> EACH, POST FREE  
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**Lan-air-cel**  
BLANKETS



By appointment to H.M. the King  
Manufacturers of  
Lan-Air-Cel Blankets

LIGHT AS A  
FEATHER...

giving caressing warmth without weight. These cellular blankets are cherished possessions and if you take care of them they will last a lifetime. Coloured blankets are again available to the Home market.

Sole Manufacturers:  
**McCALLUM & CRAIGIE, LTD.,**  
Shettleston, Glasgow, E.2  
London Office: Roxburghe House,  
287, Regent Street, London, W.1

When David  
tries to eat the lot  
— they're

**Wilkinson's**



LIQUORICE ALLSORTS



BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS  
MAJESTY THE KING  
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY  
THE QUEEN

**KENT**  
Best British Brushes



**KENT-COSBY**  
PATENT

**"Allure"**  
PERFUME HAIRBRUSH

Brushes beauty and fragrance  
into your hair!

G. B. Kent & Sons Ltd., 24 Old Bond St., London, W.1

**DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES**

Not subsidised—Not nationalised  
still dependent on public support.

Please help to re-fill  
the larder for 7,000  
needy children in Dr.  
Barnardo's Homes.  
21,000 meals are  
provided daily.

**10/-**  
will buy one child's  
food for a week.

Become a partner  
in this Christian  
Work by being  
host to a child or  
two for a week  
or more.



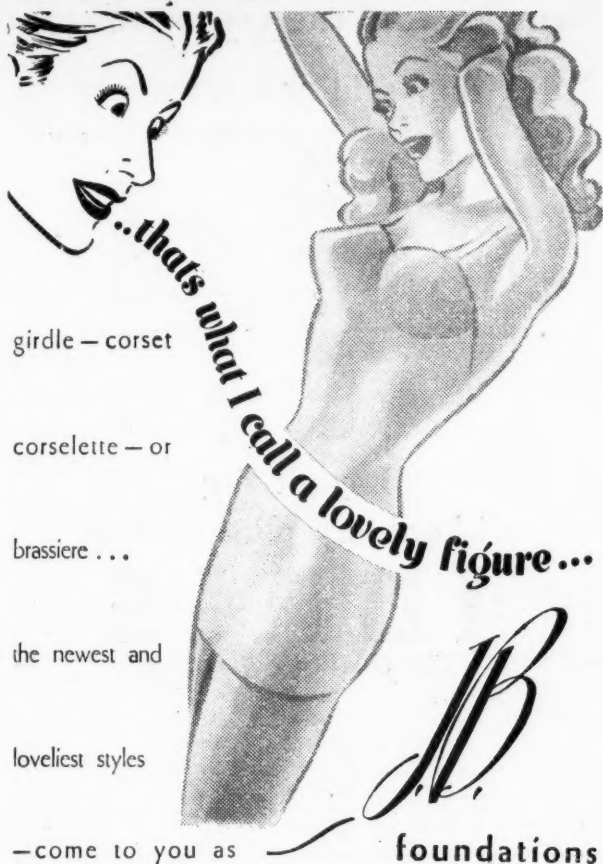
Cheques, etc., (crossed) payable "Dr.  
Barnardo's Homes," addressed 4 Barnardo  
House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1

**CLEANS ALL  
WHITE  
SHOES**



**So white!**  
Warning

Joseph Pickering & Sons, Ltd., Sheffield, England, are  
sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO"  
Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners are  
called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO".



girdle — corset

corselette — or

brassiere ...

the newest and

loveliest styles

— come to you as **foundations**

This sheer nylon chiffon night-dress has a very full skirt swinging from the attractively gauged waistline. With its unusual rouleaux shoulder straps it is becoming to all figure-types. This nightdress washes easily, dries quickly and needs little or no ironing.

Price 72/6



made from **Nylon** by

**KAYSER BONDOR**



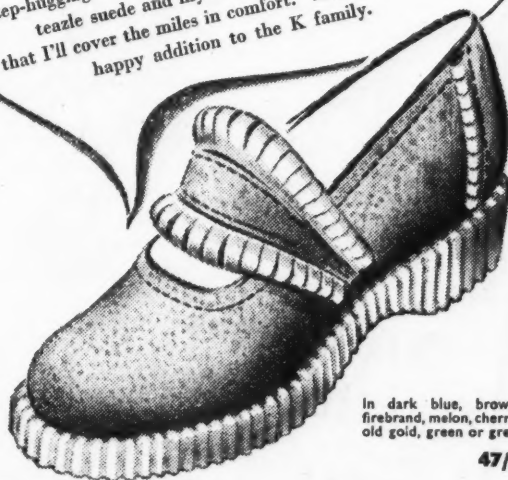
SMART women everywhere are asking for Eugène's new "root-and-point" permanent wave.

And no wonder! For it gives you short tight curls and long silky waves *where you want them*. So go to your nearest Registered Eugène Waver for this thrilling Eugène permanent wave. You'll find it better for your hair — and, as always, "permanently yours".

it's the **NEW Eugène** ROOT-AND-POINT WAVE

*Wear me for fun!*

I'm a sure-footed shoe, thanks to my smart new instep-hugging band. The give-and-take of my fine teazle suede and my cushiony crepe rubber sole mean that I'll cover the miles in comfort. Ask for **RUFFLE**, happy addition to the K family.



In dark blue, brown, firebrand, melon, cherry, old gold, green or grey.

47/6

*today's shoes - K shoes*





Preparing  
to be a  
Beautiful  
Lady

This very attractive Junior Miss was christened Catherine, but since childhood she has been known to everyone as "Freckles"! But no one minds, least of all Catherine, because a few freckles look perfectly natural with that lovely auburn colouring. Like most titian-haired young ladies, Catherine has fair, delicate skin that must be guarded carefully. This is a job for Mummy, who sees to it that Pears Soap and clear water are surely preparing Catherine to be a beautiful lady.

## PEARS SOAP

Now obtainable—PEARS TALCUM POWDER—wonderfully refreshing and keeps skin cool and comfortable. Discreetly perfumed with Pear Blossom, delicately tinted 1/9d. (inc. tax).

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

TP 265C/X059

WHO DRANK THE LEMON SQUASH?

I did, said the Gardener



I can't dig  
without my allotment of

# IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink



SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE

From one  
quality street  
to another...

Princes Street,  
Edinburgh

**Mackintosh's  
'Quality Street'**

A DELICIOUS ASSORTMENT  
OF TOFFEES & CHOCOLATES

## The Hour Glass



Either as hour or half hour glasses, they were turned to mark the times of the watches, and as each hour was called by the quartermaster the ship's bell was struck. The taking of the noon sight, when the ship's day began, was a solemn ritual.

THE  
"THREE CASTLES"  
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/10

MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS

## The place of Hoover Limited in the national life!

Today, in practically every branch of the national life, Hoover is playing a vital part—a part which is rapidly increasing in importance each year.



**IN THE HOME** Over 2,000,000 British homes are cleaned by Hoover Cleaners, and already there is an enormous demand for the Hoover Electric Washing Machine recently introduced. Hoover Motors and other equipment are also being used for many types of domestic appliances.



**IN INDUSTRY** Supplies of Hoover Fractional Horse Power Motors, Shaded Pole Motors, Plastic Commutators and Switches, are being delivered in increasing quantities to manufacturers of all types of industrial, agricultural, domestic and commercial equipment. New uses for Hoover products are being discovered all the time.



**IN THE EXPORT TRADE** Even before the war, Hoover had a very large export business, but now, since the war, Hoover have pushed up their Sterling exports over 1,500 per cent. They are now exporting Cleaners, Washing Machines and F.H.P. Motors to all parts of the world. New Hoover markets are constantly being developed.

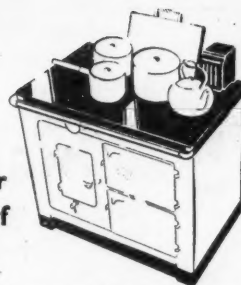
### HOOVER LIMITED

Factories at

PERIVALE, MIDDLESEX · CAMBUSLANG, SCOTLAND · MERTHYR TYDFIL  
HIGH WYCOMBE

# ESSE

the modern cooker  
that pays for itself



Cooking is a pleasure with an ESSE. The hotplate is extra fast-boiling and in every ESSE there are at least two ovens, one for roasting and one for slow-cooking. Both hotplate and ovens are always hot 24 hours a day.

As for fuel saving! Headaches about bills are banished with an ESSE. For example, the No. 3 Fairy illustrated cooks for six and supplies constant hot water on approximately 26 lbs. of coke in 24 hours. Compare this with your pre-

sent fuel bills for cooking and water heating. For larger demands there are ESSE models with separately fired water heaters.

Refuelling is particularly simple. The filling-plug is removed and coke nuts 'poured' into the hopper from the handy hod supplied. Anthracite and Phurnacite are also suitable.

Other standard features are—thermostatic control, thermometer, towel rail and shining porcelain enamel finish.

Write for details.

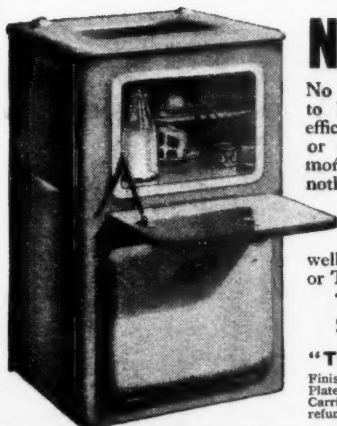
Hire Purchase arranged.

The ESSE COOKER Company  
Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854  
Head Office: Bonnybridge, Scotland  
London: 46 Davies Street, W.1  
and Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

## "THE KEPKOLD"

PATENT NO 519607

requires  
**NO** ELECTRICITY  
GAS  
CHEMICALS  
or ICE



No complicated directions have to be followed to procure its efficient operation—only a pint or so of water poured in each morning—no upkeep costs, nothing to go wrong, no parts to replace and since it is operated solely by water, it can be used equally well in the Home, Caravan, Yacht or Tent.

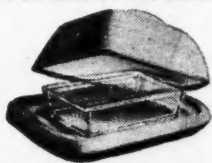
**THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED USERS**

"THE PANTRY" (as illustrated)  
Finished White Enamel and Chromium Plated Fittings. Price £13.7.6 (P.T. £2.19.4). Carriage Paid, plus 4/- for packing case refunded when returned.

### THE "KEPKOLD" BUTTER COOLER

will keep your Butter in perfect condition in the hottest of weather. Supplied in Stone, Coral, Pink and Blue. Price 8/11 plus postage 1/6.

"A LARGER NECESSITY."



Write to-day for illustrated folder giving full particulars of all "Kepkold" models and Butter Cooler.

**KEPKOLD LTD.** (Dept. 64) GANTON HOUSE, GANTON ST., REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1. (REGENT 5632)

THE "KEPKOLD" DOES NOT FREEZE—IT PRESERVES THE VITAMINS



Steel Arch Bridge gives firm, bracing support at the vital arch of the shoe.



Perfectly Flat Innersole permits natural walking, free from strain, on a flat surface.



Metatarsal Pad protects the delicate bones around the ball of the foot.



Fashion finesse  
with  
inbuilt comfort



Sollerite

**ARCH PRESERVER**



Shoes

Brannock fitted by Manfield  
in multiple fittings to each size and half size

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD., 17-18 OLD BOND STREET, W.1. (Wholesale only)

By Appointment



McVitie &amp; Price Ltd.

Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. The King

# Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

## McVitie & Price

MCVITIE &amp; PRICE LIMITED • EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

A. WANDER LTD., BY APPOINTMENT  
OVALTINE MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. THE KING

# Quality

## The Guiding Principle in the Manufacture of Ovaltine

**E**XCEPTIONAL steps are taken to ensure the highest standards of quality and purity for 'Ovaltine.' Only the best is considered good enough for this delicious food beverage which has been, for many years, a valuable factor in the health of countless thousands of people.

In the 'Ovaltine' Factory in a country garden, meticulous care is taken to perfect the safeguards of purity and hygienic efficiency. The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm, with its herd of prize-winning Jersey cows, and the 'Ovaltine' Egg Farm extend to some 1,000 acres and were specially established to standardize the excellence of the important ingredients used.

By this insistence on quality, 'Ovaltine' has achieved universal popularity and is most widely used in Hospitals and Nursing Homes throughout the world.

Drink delicious

# Ovaltine

for Health

P.713A



*For the Stern and Serious  
-or the Sweetly Smiling*



No matter whether you face life with out-thrust chin and stiff (upper, of course) lip, or smile — oh so sweetly, while you Pay As You Earn, there's no possible doubt that you'll take to Kia-Ora as naturally as an angler takes to exaggeration. For everyone who's tasted the pure deliciousness of these fruit-fresh Squashes says:—



"HERE'S GOOD HEALTH TO YOU"

## KIA-ORA

the most delicious of all fruit drinks

When sugar and quality Fruit Juices are no longer rationed to us, there will be no shortage of Kia-Ora.

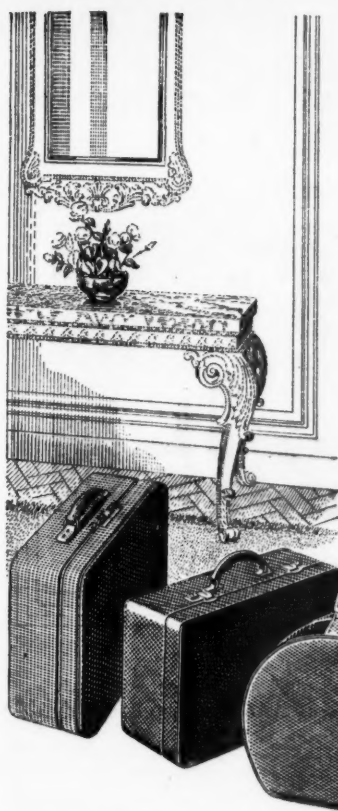
ORANGE • LEMON • GRAPE FRUIT • LIME • LEMON BARLEY

## Famous for fine Quality

Insist on  
"Nell Gwyn"  
your Grocer  
can **NOW**  
obtain it





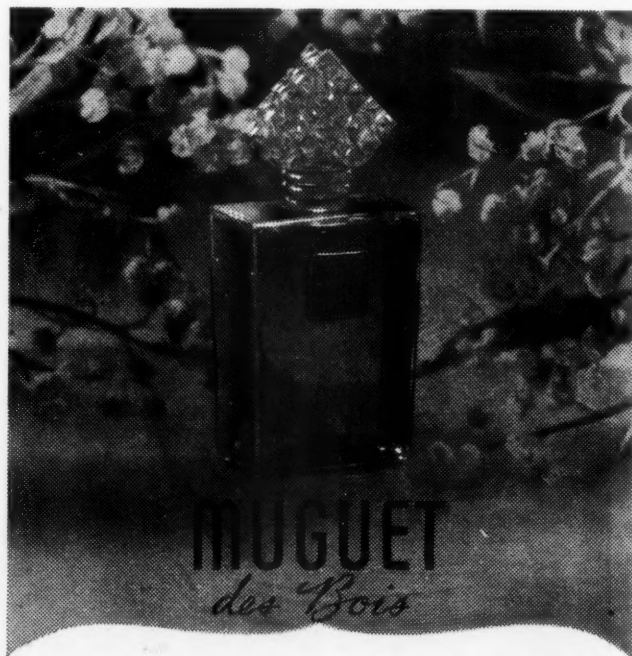


## ANTLER

*The most distinguished name  
in Travel Goods*

Sensible design, pleasing colours and the traditional ANTLER quality and workmanship make these Lightweight Soft-sided Cases the most sought after of all Travel Goods. Now available in various colours and lined in delightful shades. You'll be surprised how inexpensive they are for such good quality and finish.

J. B. BROOKS & CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, 3



The most exquisite interpretation of Lily of the Valley . . . in Perfume, Eau de Toilette, 'Airsun' Face Powder, Talc, Bath Dusting Powder, Bath Salts, Sachet Powder, Tonic Hair Lotion.

*Coty*



From the earliest days of domestic history, good household linen has been the subject of great pride and for generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by Horrockses. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

## Horrockses

*the Greatest Name in Cotton*

SHEETS • PILLOWCASES • TOWELS • DRESS GOODS • FURNISHINGS • ETC.

HORROCKSES, LANE HUGHES & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BRISTOL, LONDON



*The smart, simple lines of this light and dainty Liberty model please those who require truly comfortable fashion shoes. These are fitted with a specially soft, flexible innersole that is very pleasant to tender feet.*



LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER

# Liberty of Regent Street

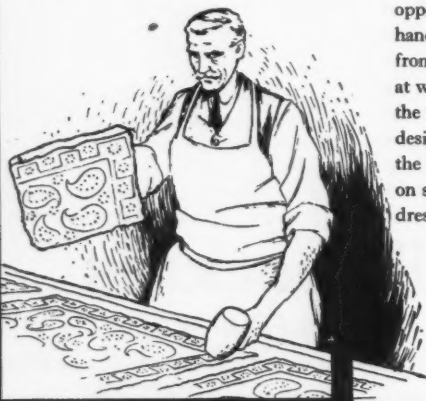
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## EXHIBITION of

Hand-block printing on silk

Daily 9-5, Saturdays 9-12.30

1 June to 30 September



This is a unique opportunity to see the hand-block printers from Merton Abbey at work—printing the world famous designs, fresh from the Liberty mint, on squares and dress fabrics

H.M.V.

H.M.V.

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED  
SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES, RECORDS



RADIO AND TELEVISION APPARATUS  
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

*The Hallmark of Quality*

H.M.V.

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

H.M.V.



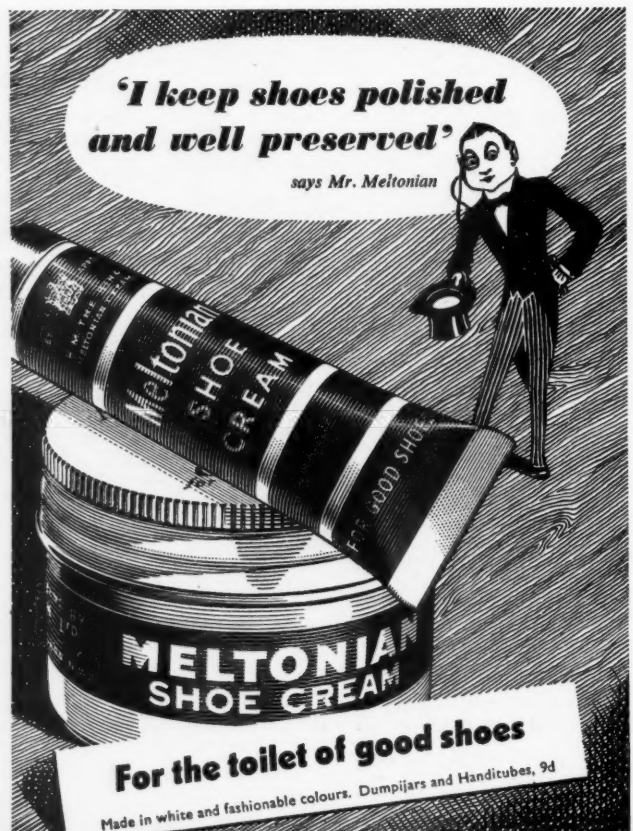
*Marcovitch*  
**BLACK AND WHITE**  
cigarettes for Virginia smokers  
25 for 5/3

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
2 oz. tin 9/5

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

**'I keep shoes polished  
and well preserved'**

says Mr. Meltonian



**For the toilet of good shoes**

Made in white and fashionable colours. Dumpjars and Handicubes, 9d



## ENJOY A LUXURY HOLIDAY

...with every comfort  
at truly moderate terms

A new experience in good living awaits you at the Prince of Wales, Harrogate. This distinguished hotel is furnished with impeccable taste... staffed by experts whose chief concern is your comfort... informed by a spirit of smoothly efficient service. The Prince of Wales cuisine is noted for its excellence... its cellar renowned among those who know good wines. You would expect such fine living to be costly. It need not cost you more than 10 gns. per week inclusive. Write for illustrated brochure.

ELECTRIC LIFTS • GARAGE WITH PRIVATE  
LOCK-UPS • OWN LAUNDRY

*The Prince of Wales*

HOTEL  
HARROGATE

*Ideally situated for the shopping centre and within easy reach of York-shire's beautiful moorlands. Golf courses: Harrogate Golf Club, Starbeck; Oakdale Golf Club; Pannal Golf Club.*

Telephone: Harrogate 6675-6-7

Telephone: "Elegance, Harrogate"

## The Tied House System

Nearly twenty years ago, the Royal Commission on Licensing found that under a good and careful brewer the 'tied house' system operated advantageously and produced excellent results.

Under this system, the English inn has grown in usefulness and good repute as a centre of social life. The brewer has been able to avoid waste in production and distribution with much benefit to the customer, and to supply beer in fine condition. Mine host has remained as master in his own house, even if it be one which he could not afford to buy and for which he pays a low or merely nominal rent.

The system has not restricted the customer's choice of beer. Customers are generally able to choose between the 'tied house' of one brewer and another, and hence between their beers. There are more than 2,000 different beers now being brewed by the 500 or 600 brewing firms in the country, and each of them finds its way into some of our inns.



## Optical discovery allows you to see right through reflected glare



HERE AT LAST is a way to cut out summer glare without dimming the things you want to see. Ordinary sun glasses darken everything you look at. Only with Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields can you see every detail and colour. They are comfortable to wear and absolutely safe for your eyes.

Ideal for holiday makers, cyclists, fishermen, motorists, yachtsmen and many others.



**\* Polaroid**  
**DAY GLASSES & SUNSHIELDS**  
PRICES FROM 15/6 (Plus 1/2 purchase tax)

POLARIZERS (UNITED KINGDOM) LTD.  
21/22 GROSVENOR ST., LONDON, W.1.  
★ Regd. Trade Mark Patented in U.S.A.,  
Great Britain and other countries.



### HOW POLAROID GLASSES WORK

- Bright white light from the sun strikes a coloured surface.
  - Some rays bounce off as white glare; others are reflected to the eye as useful 'seeing' rays that show the colour and detail of the surface.
  - Ordinary tinted glass dims the glare and the useful 'seeing' light as well.
  - Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields cut out annoying white glare, but let the 'seeing' light pass through—thus revealing all the detail and full colour.
- Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields from opticians, chemists and leading stores.*



Not too little..



not too much..



but just right

thanks to the  
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER OF

**ERASMIC** SHAVING STICK







**Valstar**  
DISTINCTIVE  
WEATHERWEAR

VALSTAR LTD., Salford 6, Lancs  
ALSO AT  
314, Regent Street, London, W.1.



*"and now back to dinner"*

—After a round on a glorious sunny links with brisk sea air to lower your handicap, it's good to look forward to a shower in hot, foamy luxury—then dinner—the very thought lightens our brogues!!!

Afterwards? — Dancing? — A few cheery drinks? — Or maybe a quiet read in the lounge? — Whatever we do, it will be in good company and ideal surroundings.

Warnes means the end of a perfect day—and the making of many more to come.



**Warnes of Worthing**  
Tel.: WORTHING 2222



JUNE 4-11  
BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE NATIONAL THEATRE WEEK.  
JULY 4-9  
FESTIVAL OF MUSIC. BARBIROLLI & THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA.  
JULY 18-22  
2,000 Gns. PROFESSIONAL GOLF TOUR-NAMENT.  
AUGUST 31 - SEPT. 3  
FLOWER & HORSE SHOW & GALA.



New 1949 Guide from D. H. Baxter, Information Bureau.

### SAUNTON SANDS HOTEL

NORTH DEVON  
CROYDE 212

Facing South, overlooking Bideford Bay, with its miles of sands.

SUITES — with Balconies and Private Bathrooms.

SQUASH—in our Private Court.

DANCING — to a Resident Orchestra.

BATHING — from Hotel by cliff path

and — to safe sands.

TERMS — from 39/- per day.

### MATLOCK, Derbyshire

### SMEDLEY'S HYDRO

Founded in 1853 by the late John Smedley, provides under one roof an unrivalled range of Hydro-pathic and other treatments.

As an all-season Holiday Resort, it offers Rest, Relaxation and Recreation.

Terms from 21/- per day, Inclusive

Illustrated Tariff on application

### Royal Hotel

SCARBOROUGH

A delightful hotel facing sea, with outstanding social amenities, music and dancing imaginatively presented, excellent Yorkshire food. Accommodation 260.

Terms 28/- to 36/- per day. Brochure and summer programme from

T. P. LAUGHTON



### NO MORE DIRTY HANDS—**dermoClean**

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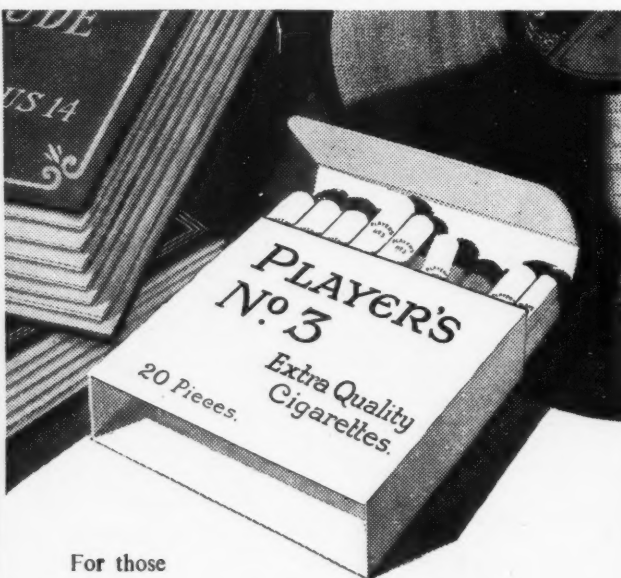
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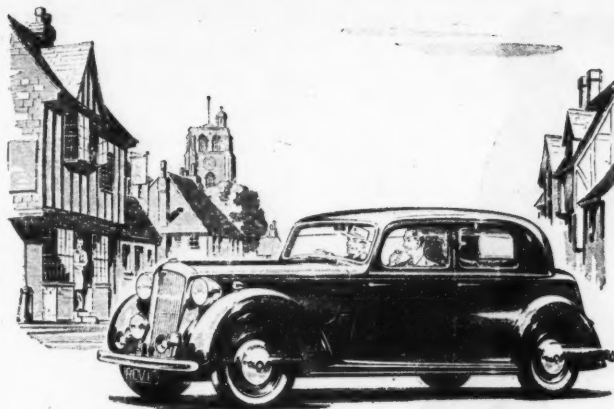


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\* A short extract from The Autocar. The Road Test Report on the Rover 75 published February 4th, 1949.

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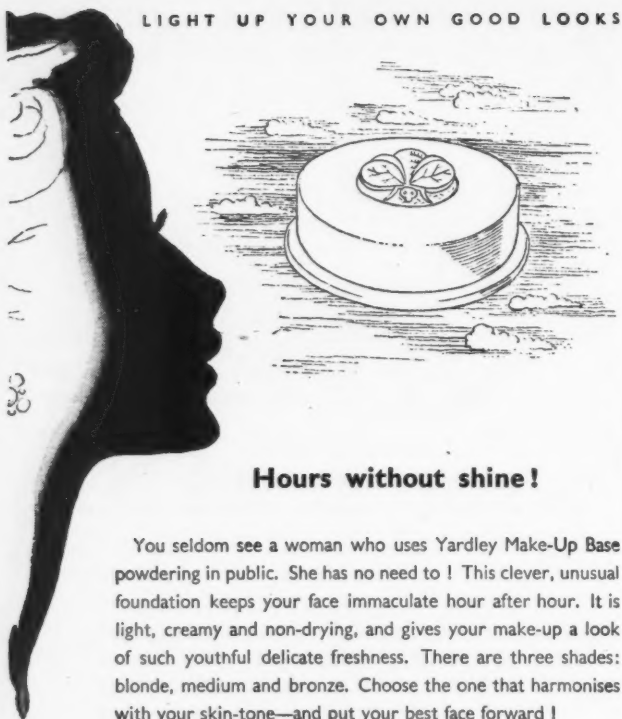
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New Westminster, B.C.  
24th Nov. 1948

Before the war my chum and I used to spend our holidays big-game hunting in the Caribou district of British Columbia. We always kept a supply of Barneys in our cabin and found that it added greatly to the pleasure of long nights spent yarning in front of the fire.

The war interrupted our trips and only recently did we get together again to reopen the cabin. While cleaning the place out, we came across a tin of Barneys in the sleeping loft, where it had been left some eight years before! The tin was rusted and the exposed portion of the rubber had been chewed by mice.

However, we opened it, and were delighted to find the contents Factory-fresh and as good a smoke as on the day we bought it.

Yours sincerely, ———.

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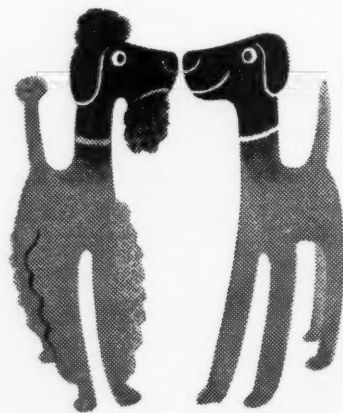


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# SUMMER NUMBER 1949



"Funny—I always thought those things were extinct."



"Have you any aspirin?"

## Atlas at Twenty

(Lines to a Godson on his Twenty-first Birthday)

MICHAEL, on this auspicious natal day,  
May an old friend—an old fool if you like—  
Get off his chest what he has meant to say  
These many moons? Now, Mike,

It's this. Young men to-day—and that means *you*—  
In this austere post-Armageddon mood  
Seem to your godsire too good to be true;  
Nay—too good to be good.

So many pundits poring over Plans,  
Such work and worry—and so little fun;  
Isn't that foolish, Michael, when a man's  
No more than twenty-one?

Grim are the times, I know; depression dives  
Upon us daily, hourly; yes, but still,

There's a light-heartedness that saves our lives,  
Damp-down it how we will.

Give it a chance, old chap; let cheerfulness  
Keep breaking in, to gravity's despoite;  
Forget—just now and then—the cosmic mess  
And how to set it right.

Of all his birthdays—take it, Mike, from me—  
Man should be merriest on his twenty-first;  
You leave those solemn owls upon their tree  
And go and have a burst.

Do something daft, do something infantile,  
Paint the town purple, go on the rampage . . .  
Oh, Atlas, rest your shoulders for a while!  
Come on, kid; be your age!

H. B.

## I Was a Student of Copernicus

I HAVE recently learned, in a book, that an electric current flows from the negative "pole" (marked  $-$ ) to the positive (marked  $+$ ). I expect many readers will take this calmly, but to me it was a shock. Not that I care. It is a matter of indifference to me which way the stuff flows; but the fact is that when I was at school I was taught exactly the opposite. And so, so far as I have been able to make out, was everyone else. Is every boy who goes through the educational mill deliberately given wrong information concerning fundamental and vital facts? No, no, the thing is unthinkable. And yet . . . and yet . . .

And now comes new light on the great atom hoax. At this same school we were taught that the smallest possible, indivisible, particle of matter was the atom. Since then it has come to my notice that this is not so: an atom is quite a complicated thing containing a nucleus and certain electrons. The discovery was less of a shock to me than the other, for I supposed that it had been found out since I left school. But now what do I find? Why, that this piece of information was announced to the world by Sir J. J. Thomson, at an evening discourse of the Royal Institution and after fifteen or twenty years of research, no less than *twenty-six years before I went to a public school at all*.

At once the whole edifice of what I had believed to be scientific knowledge crashes to the ground. The buttresses withdrawn, of my own trusting faith in my instructors, down it comes, bang. It is too late now to go all over Science again, so perhaps the wisest thing is to put the whole thing out of mind and hope that if it ever crops up, as when boiling a kettle on a mountain-top or making little camphor-propelled boats to circumnavigate a bowl of water, some consulting scientist will be at hand. But stay! Does nothing remain, no piece of scientific information on which to put the finger and say "This is a fact"?

There are the Magdeburg Hemispheres, of course: one can hardly

forget those. There is the correct method of arranging a glass jar to collect gas over a beehive shelf, and there is the clearly demonstrated fact that air burns in gas as readily as gas in air, if less conveniently. Then there is Electrolysis, in which an electric . . . but stay again: the passage of the current was alleged to split the water up into molecules of hydrogen and oxygen in certain proportions, but now we know that the current was flowing the other way all the time. So what is the lesson of the experiment? That water contains two molecules of hydrogen (H) to one of Oxygen (O), so we were told.  $H_2O$ . But is it so? Should it not be the other way about, in which case the formula for water becomes  $O_2H$ , which is disturbing? And how about sulphuric acid? Perhaps  $H_2SO_4$  should really be UNESCO or GSO.

With stinks thus under a cloud, new impetus is given to what was considered at the time to be a heresy. Mr. Nitro-Robinson was determined to convince us that carbon monoxide is—or perhaps I should say was—heavier than air, and that therefore it is unwise to get underneath a car in the garage with the door shut and the engine running. He made some of this gas—not, as might have been expected, by starting the engine of his car and putting a beehive shelf over the exhaust pipe, but by some more tedious method that I forget—and corked it up in a large glass bottle. Laboratory Assistant Charlie had already erected

for him a steeply sloping pipe, seven or eight feet long. One end was high in the air, the other poised a few inches above the surface of the bar, or counter, or whatever they call it. Below this lower end was a lighted candle. We stood closely round about while Mr. Nitro-Robinson, clutching the big bottle, ascended a shaky system of chairs. Uncorking his bottle he tipped it up and let a little of the gas run into the pipe. Or so he said. He then climbed cautiously down, his back turned to the class, and great was his surprise to find that the descending carbon monoxide had not



Q. J. J.

"What is a Civil Servant?"



extinguished the candle. He climbed up again, uncorked the bottle and poured a rather larger quantity into the pipe, taking the utmost care to avoid draughts. We watched the candle attentively while he descended. Back at floor level he said "There!" in a relieved voice, and had actually put the bottle on one side before he saw that the flame burned as fiercely as ever.

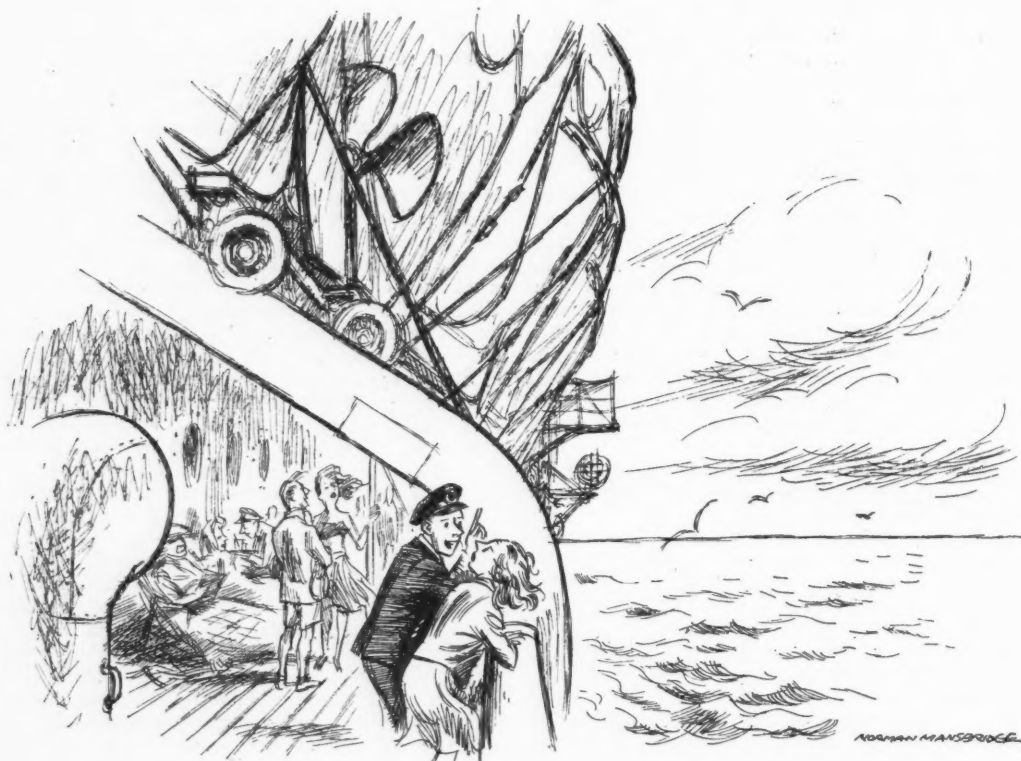
A third time he made the ascent and this time stuck the neck of the bottle in the end of the pipe and left it there. On the way down his foot slipped and he was in our midst again rather more quickly than expected, so that he was in time to see the Bishop of Jhansi and Jubbulpore returning a cigarette lighter to his pocket. (Of course he was not Bishop of anywhere then, and it is a question whether he or Mr. Nitro-Robinson would have been the more surprised if they had been told at that moment that he ever would be.)

Was the future bishop right all the time? Was Mr. Nitro-Robinson pulling the wool over our eyes? Was he really pouring air into a room filled with carbon monoxide? In the light of recent revelations can one be sure of any of these things? Even the almost forgotten incident of Mr. Calcium and the whisky takes on a new and sinister aspect. It was a simple enough matter. He made some whisky in a still, before our very eyes. I remember thinking at the time that he took very little trouble to explain what he was doing, but put it down to the fact that

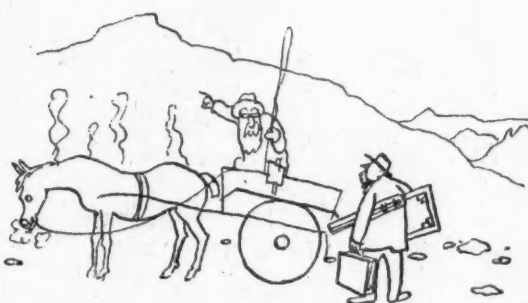
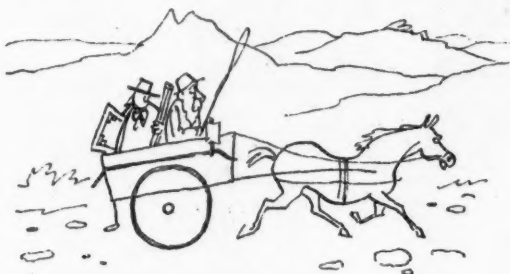
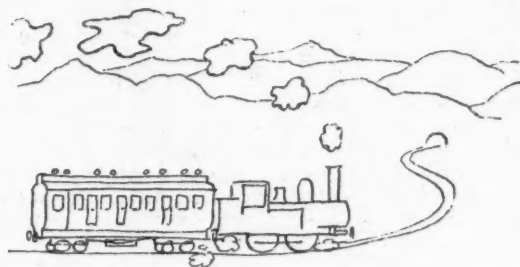
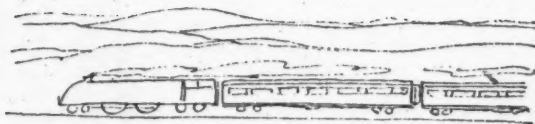
it was illegal and left it at that. Some of the resulting spirit was handed round in a beaker so that we could taste that it really was whisky, and among even those highly inexperienced palates there were some raised eyebrows. One realizes now what one only half suspected at the time: that Mr. Calcium was deceiving us deliberately and not even doing it very well.

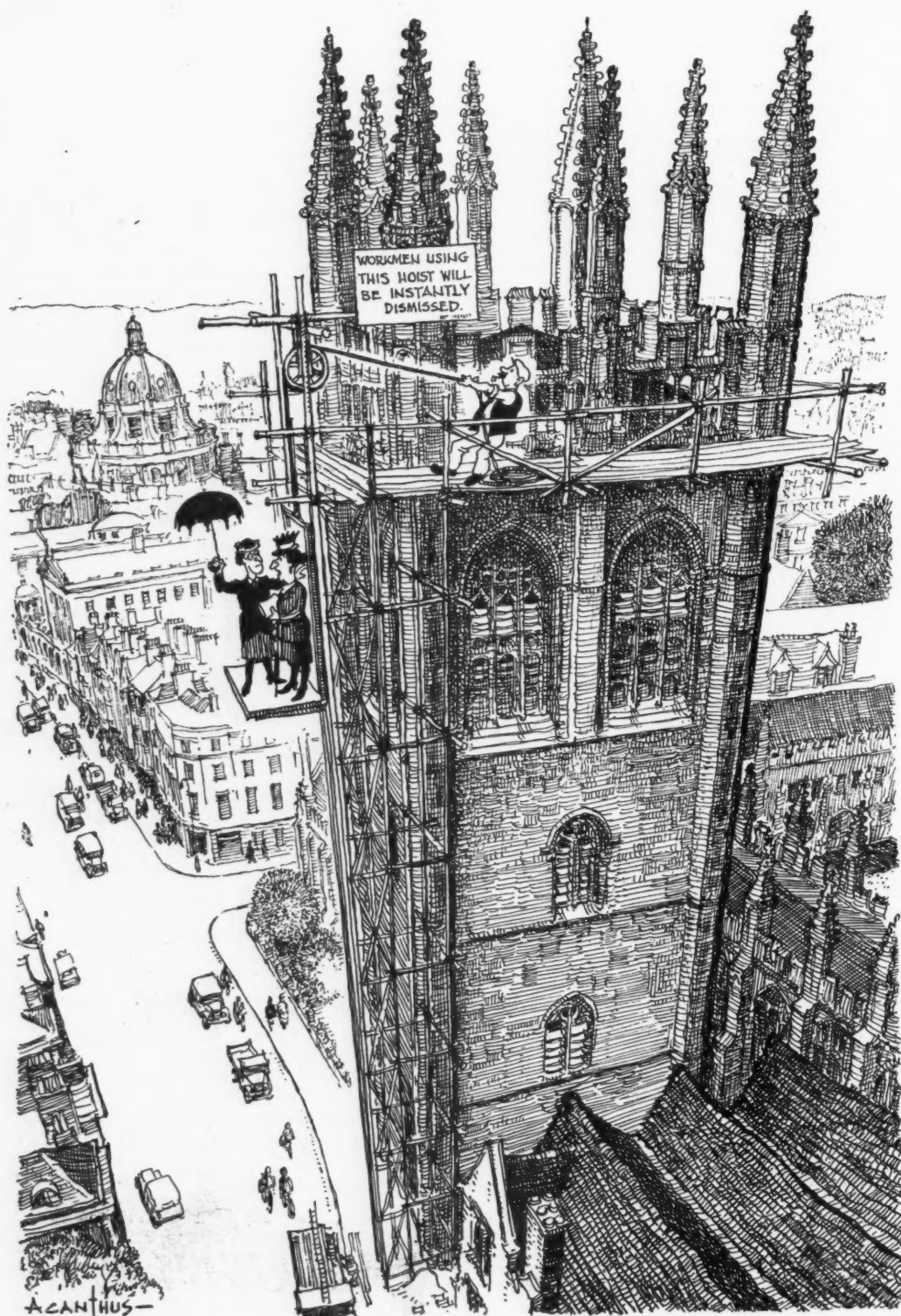
Have you sons at school, or daughters for that matter? Or are you one yourself? Well, look out for blue litmus paper. With us they put it into an empty jar and it turned red, whereupon they announced that the jar contained phosgene gas, or bulls-eyes, or whatever it was that they wanted us to think was in the jar. Sometimes it was red litmus that turned blue (what is litmus?), and on other occasions it was glowing splints. The splints glowed more brightly, or went out, or burst into flames, and these things were adduced as evidence of all sorts of theories. (Mr. Calcium once blew thirty-two little bottles out of the window and the eyebrows off his face doing this, but that time we did know what was in the jar.) Do they still do these things? Do they still teach you that sodium is a metal, that  $p$  over  $v$  is constant and that your elbow is a third-class lever? If so, take my advice and check it all over as soon as you get home.

And, in another field, are they still teaching that  $(a+b)(a-b)=a^2-b^2$  . . . but, perhaps I have made enough disclosures for the moment.



" . . . See you at eight bells, then—you can't miss me, I'll be just abaft the bow stopper, on the lee side, standing right by the warping chocks."





*"It's a rather primitive lift, but then it's a very old tower."*



## Essay

### My Holliday

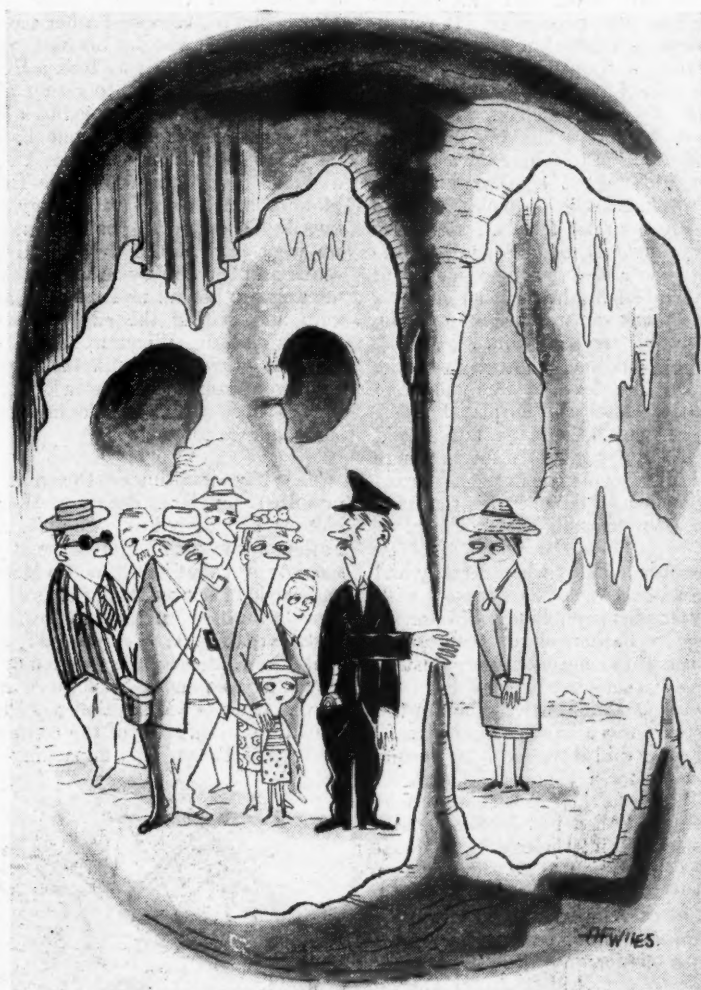
**A**LTHOUGH this is not perchance the best subject for my Essay as I have not had a holliday I have chosen it in precedence to My Pets or My Favourite Shakespearean Character as I have none of those either, and I purport to write of some hollidays I have had in the past, ending with the one I nearly had this year but is now postponed infinitely.

The first one I remember with any decree of clarity, being I suppose nearer six than seven at the time, was when Mother bought me a cherrywood walking-stick and Father in jovial vein helped everybody at our table to custard with their apricots and it proved to be salad-dressing, save the mark! Father was usually in jovial vein when we began but changed later as on this occasion, when he declared upstairs that such incidence ruined a holliday and we went home to Maida Vale three days early just as I was getting friendly with a Boy who had as many balloons as he wanted and a sister to blow up. I dropped the walking-stick off the pier the same day I received it. I think that was Southport. There was no Rock their.

One year, perchance the next, Father asked me how I would like a holliday on the Norfolk Broods. I did not see Mother's eye signing me to say Yes, and said I would not like it, not knowing that the Broods were water and having been brought up to strict truefulness, and Father said, Well, that is where you are going whether you like it or not, and put me down off his knee with a bang. I do not remember much about the Broods, though Father wore a hat with a white top and told me to hold my noise when I kept asking him Why. There was something the matter with the Boat, and it kept going back to the gentleman who had loned it to us and wore a blue jersey. I do not mean of its own accord, but that every time we got going along the beautiful stretches of level water and my Father said jovially, This is the life, eh? as he stood at the wheel the engine stopped and by hook or by crook we had to return. When we returned for the third time Mother took me for a lemonade while Father spoke to the gentleman, and we went home by train after Father had thrown his hat into a Brood. The Broods are in Norfolk, a county of some 1,303,568 acres. We have never had another holliday on them.

When on holliday my Father is a great music lover and loves listening to great music on a pier or in gardens if fine while waitresses bring coffee in cups. He likes Mother and I to enjoy the music too and I am sometimes allowed an ice-cornet, though not Rock as I make a crunching sound during the music. Well, I am leading up to the shortest holliday I rember, for we left the morning we arrived, I think at Southend, which looked an exquisite resort what I saw of it. Father had decided on it because of the music on the pier and as soon as he had changed into his creams we hastened off to the grand morning

concert, but alas to relate it was a band of ladies called the Jazzmistresses as I recollect. I liked them, since many of the ladies were quite funny when they played on the trumpet and there was a drum solo (of jazz) with the band playing jiggy bits in between by a lady with read hair; but I saw Mother watching my Father and pushing her chair back to let him get out easily though she called out No, Edwin, twice when he walked up to the head lady of the band. Then Mother and I waited outside by a stuffed lion which children could have their photographs taken on, but I didn't, and soon Father was brought out by a



*"Just think—in another three hundred years I won't be able to take my hand away."*

naval-looking officer and sent me on in front to buy a windmill. He did not take much notice when I asked him to run with it and make it go, but remarked that he would rather lose his deposit than stay in the same town as the Jazzmistresses. So we repaired to our native habbitat where as it chanced the house next door had got the road up outside mending the water-pipes and I went in the hole in the road every day and made chums of a gentleman named Arthur who smelt of gas leaks and could make his thumbs crack. It was very fine whether, and I feel that providence smiled on me all round, coming home while the road was up in that manner.

Naturally they do not have Rock on farms, where we spent a summer holiday once or part of one and where music played its part once more. It was in Cornwall, in what is known as the West Countree, a county of some 868,167 acres near Land's End, and on our second day came an engine-driver and his wife to have a holiday there too, and in addition to telling me a hive of information about signals and dead man's handles the engine-driver also sang after supper from an album he had brought called Songs of the Nineties in a very strong voice. And when he had finished Father made a short remark and stamped off upstairs, and Mother ran after him saying she knew he would have difficulty with the packing. The next day we removed to a Private Hotel at Newquay but left that evening because as fate would have it there was a lady staying there called Miss Goomey from the next road at home who had once let the Post Office Door bang in Father's face.

The only holiday where I really had a lot of Rock was at Skegness. I shall always remember my holiday at Skegness, and even Father often refers to it although it did not start very auspiciously as Father's hat blew off down the escalator at Maida Vale. Then in the train there was a baby called Norman, and Father said it was such an unsuitable name for a young child that we stood in the corridor so that we should not hear it called it. At Skegness it was sleeting and there were no taxicabs at the station so we walked down Lumley Road with Father a bit in front in case he wanted to say anything private, Mother said; the turning-point in our fortunes being that when we got to our Private Hotel Father saw through the window that the wallpaper had yellow in it and in turning to go back to the station he slipped on the steps and broke a small bone in his

Ankle. After he had been put to bed by the doctor he said very loudly, You two go off and enjoy yourselves, don't worry about me, I will just pay for everything, and lie here with my leg up. So of course we did and I had Rock every day for a week and numerous rides on donkeys. It was a good thing that it was poor Father's Ankle that was hurt and not, for instance, his Elbow, or he would have left at once when he found the doctor was a Welshman, who he tends to regard askance.

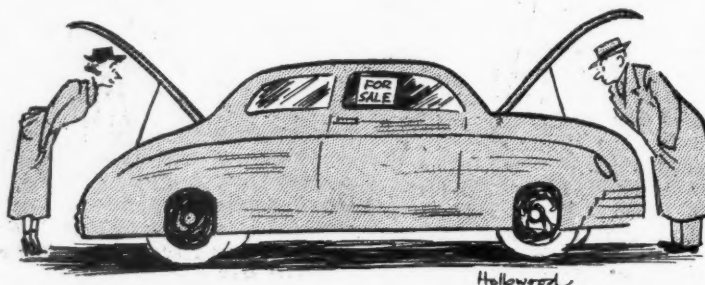
Then for a year we did not go away for the summer because Father would not undertake the responsibility of choosing where to go and would not let Mother choose. By then I was twelve, and we came to my this year's holiday which was Taking a House in Dorset, a county on the south coast near Bournemouth, because Father seemed to meet people who got his back up at Private Hotels and if we took a House there would only be us to get on with. The House we took belonged to a Mrs. Bollerby, and this nearly put Father off at first because he had once known a man of that ilk who wore froth-blowers' cuff-links whatever they are, but Mother talked him out of that and we went part of the way by luxury coach and then on by train because a man sitting behind us kept opening a map and resting the edge of it on Father's head. When we found the house it proved to be on the edge of an adventurous-looking wood, with a promise of exquisite rambles in natural surroundings to come.

The key was under the mat as promised by Mrs. Bollerby, though Mother had feared it wouldn't, and Father was in such jovial spirits at the solitude of it that he picked up Mother and carried her over the lintel as sometimes witnessed on the pictures, and told me that I was on my holiday and could do whatever I liked so long as I stayed indoors and did not touch anything, because Mrs. Bollerby had drawn up an infantry of the contents. And while Father was unpacking his

tweed hat Mother was pleasurably surprised to find a fire burning in the living-room and a Cat perring in front of it which we put out of the side door as Father cannot abide a Cat and hoped it would refrain from miauling. Well, there was an elephant's-foot coal-scuttle with big yellow toe-nails and when Father came down he genially put his foot in it and was pretending to be an elephant when the door opened unannounced and a lady came in carrying a black shopping-bag with long handles, which would have been serious enough in itself because Father deplores anything carried by handles and will tuck even quite a bulky suitcase under his arm for precedence. But there was worse to come, since the lady said, And who might you be? and before Father could get his foot out of the elephant's to riposte the Cat came in miauling followed by a tall man with a gun and a dead Rabbit.

Let us draw a veil over the ensuing scene, sufficing to say that after Father had threatened the gentleman with the Rabbit with the Police it transpired that we had erroneously entered a house called Wood Side instead of one called Forest Edge down an adjacent lane. It stood to reason Father was in no mood for holiday-making after such an occurrence, and we returned to Maida Vale without further demur.

That was last Wednesday week, and as Father has not spoken since except to shout at a gentleman across the road who was annoyingly getting on his bicycle from the wrong side we are in the dark as regards the future, though Mother has hinted at an extended stay with Grandma Meekly (Mother was née Meekly) at Hornsey, where there is a Concertina and a Sword in the attic and a swing in the garden. There is of course no Rock there but I do not mind that so much now I am twelve. Unfortunately Father would not accompany us as he cannot settle in a house that has glass-fronted book-cases. And I think that is all I have to say about My Holiday. J. B. B.



*Langens*



"What, darling—how long does it take to get to Waterloo?"



My dear, you'll get there in ten minutes in a taxi—



though, as a matter of fact, I'd leave a little longer than that in case there's a queue at the booking office—



and perhaps just a tiny bit longer in case the train's right the other end of the station—



and maybe a bit longer still in case you have to spend some time ringing up the taxi ranks—



and I'd leave just a bit more of a margin in case after all you have to go out and find one—



and a wee bit extra because, if you don't find one after all, you may have to give it up and go by bus—



and I'd add on a bit because you may just miss one bus and have to wait some little while for the next—



and put on a bit again because it's quite a step to the nearest bus stop—



and of course another little bit because it's some distance when you get out of the bus at the other end—

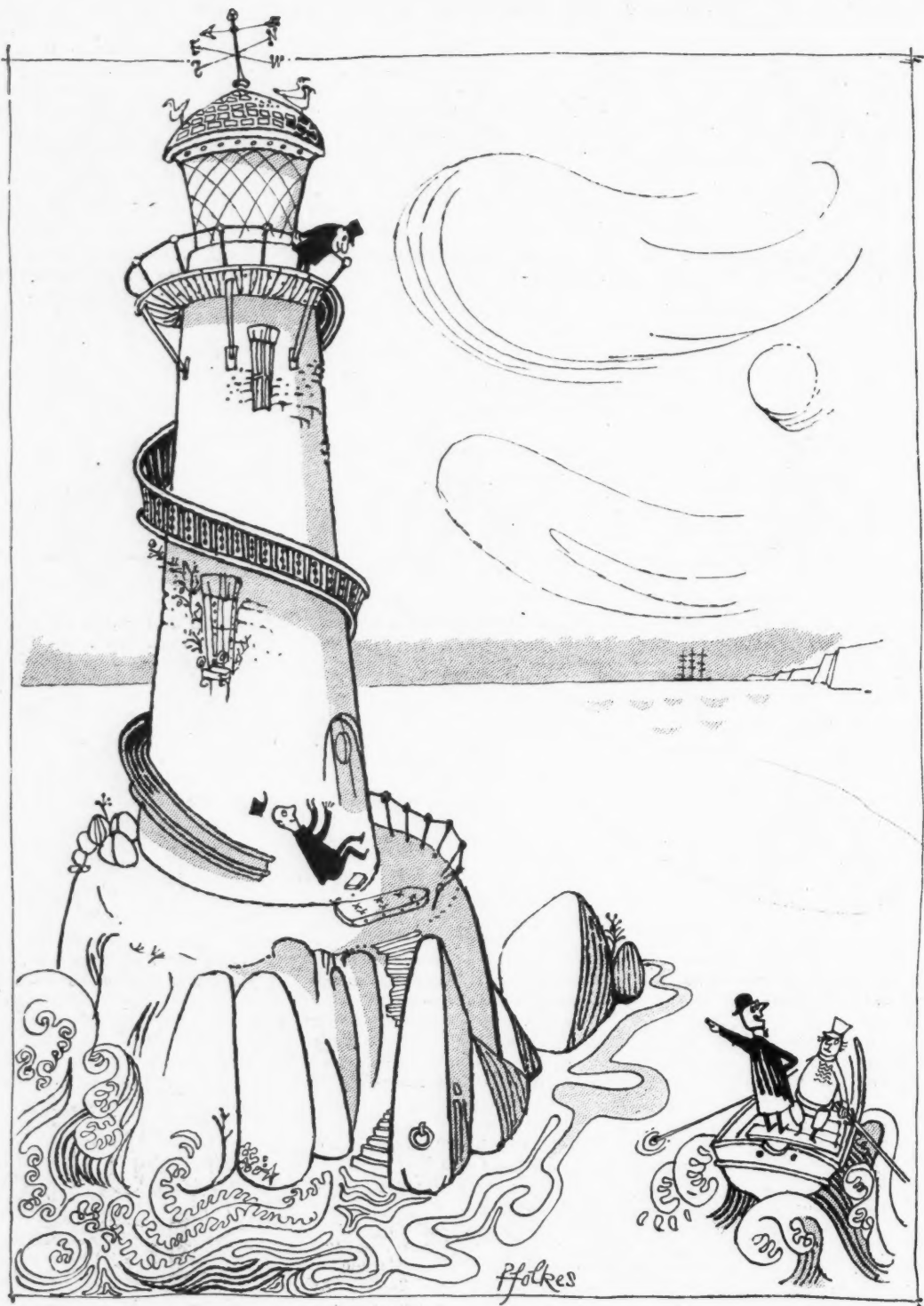


but I certainly don't think there's the slightest reason why you need leave a minute more than—



an hour and a half."





"It gives them a little light relief, you know."

## A Mermaid at the Bottom of the Garden

SINCE I sent my daughter off to an elementary biology lesson with four ribs missing she has felt it unwise to leave her homework entirely to me. We once thought that she should do it herself, but we were driven off that battlefield with our maxims smashed. The weapons she used were mainly things that weren't there—missing rulers, lost textbooks, rubbers that rolled away, and a non-existent ambition to do well at school. In the morning the heavy emotional artillery came into play, and dropped tears into her breakfast kipper. If we hadn't sent her to bed so early, and now Miss Long—or Miss Short—would be beastly to her.

We work now as a small, dissatisfied team. My husband, a rusty classical scholar, professes to find difficulty in putting Little Bo-Peep into Latin, but we leave the humanities—if that is the name—to him, and the maps too. I deal with arithmetic and English, so that I sometimes find myself reciting "Earth has not anything to show more fair" when my head should be in the oven with the mock rice pudding. Penny keeps a perfunctory eye on the results as she copies them out. Between us, we sometimes get very bad marks; even at our best we are not as good as Mrs. Fishman and her daughter Rose.

Mrs. Fishman is a craggy woman who clearly knows all about what is happening in Rumania and can answer questions about the migratory habits of the yellow-hammer without first referring to the *Ency. Brit.*, and then telephoning all her friends—who wouldn't know, if they were mine. A great deal of telephoning goes on in the evening amongst the school parents. Nature is our weakest subject. "Do you know how many in a litter of field mice?" we cry to each other. "No, don't ring off. What shape is a badger?" But our badgers, unlike Mrs. Fishman's, are always the wrong shape; and Mrs. Fishman, whom we are all afraid to telephone, always has the right number of mice in her litter.

"And Rose's maps are always super," Penny told us, leaning on my husband as he was adding a few inaccuracies to the map of Europe so that it would look less traced.

"Is she good at arithmetic?" I asked jealously, for I have always taken a pride in our arithmetic. As a subject it hasn't become so craftily jolly as some of the others. History, once a straightforward memory test, consists for us in building sections of

the Roman wall, with blue plasticine Picts on one side and Romans with silver-paper armour on the other. The Picts, being easier to make, are at present increasing at about forty times the speed of the Romans, and will soon be strong enough to invade Italy. We all hope they win.

No changes like that occur in arithmetic, where our old friends A and B still march through the exercises at their three and a quarter and two and four-fifths miles an hour, meeting no one (but Mrs. Fishman, probably) knows where and never stopping to turn off the unequally dripping taps in that basin where the plug is always missing and brokerage is one-eighth.

The flaw about our homework team is that my husband sometimes goes away on business trips, with an almost disastrous effect on Latin and maps. While he is away I always take a light selection of Latin Grammars to bed with me, but in the morning the dative is gone again. When I was away for a week he got in a fearful tangle with her knitting homework and gave up, so I have at last told Penny that I won't even try about Latin—I've lost my pencil-sharpener.

I was feeling annoyed when I made this craven announcement, but I had just been sitting behind the hateful Mrs. Fishman on a bus and discovered that she was cheating. She was nose-deep in Hall and Knight's Elementary Algebra, and they haven't even started Algebra yet. Sneaking a year on the rest of us, who are content to keep twenty-four hours ahead, seemed altogether too much. So I told Penny she could do her own Latin.

When I came downstairs from putting her to bed I found our transitory maid holding the telephone receiver as though it were a handkerchief she had picked up in a fever hospital.

"Friend of yours," she said briefly. "Says there's a mermaid at the bottom of the garden. Or something."

"Could it be a wrong number?" I asked, trying to please.

But it was Mrs. Fishman.

"I saw you on the bus to-day," she bayed. "With a Latin Grammar."

"I've always been interested in Latin," I said.

"Exactly. So I thought you could tell me the Latin for There is a Mermaid at the Bottom of the Garden."

"There isn't any," I said flatly. "At least, there isn't any mermaid in my Latin grammar, I mean."

"No? And Penelope's Latin so good?" she said keenly.

"Oh, dear," I said. "My husband does the Latin and he's away, and I'm no good at it. But don't ring off. Could you tell me what Eskimos drink?"

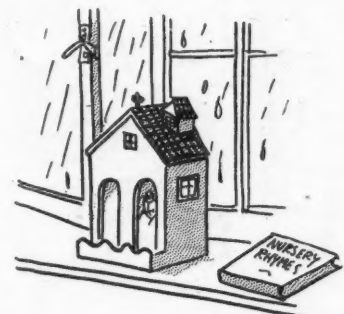
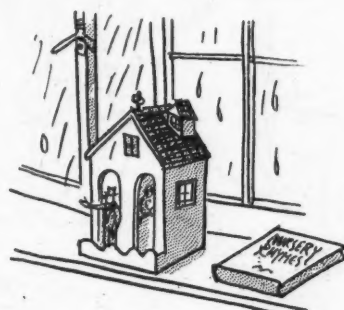
"Reindeer milk," she said. "I am so glad to help."

And now I know it's going to be impossible to hate Mrs. Fishman any more . . .

"... also strong son (40), single; could be employed as keeper or otherwise if required. Excellent rabbit and vermin killer. Keen on trespassers."

Advt. in "West Sussex Gazette."

So they won't be prosecuted?



William Sculley



Morphy Wilson





"COME to Nice," says the *Syndicat d'Initiative*. "Come and enjoy all the pleasures of the sea and the sun."

The season opens in February when the King of Folly rides round in the Carnival procession, and fantastic effigies nod their cardboard heads and bow grotesquely from decorated floats, and the mob hurls sprigs of mimosa and paper streamers, *en délire* with excitement.

Although the spring blossoms are out and the place is a "perfumed paradise," the weather is often extremely cold. Last year it was, in addition, wet, and the initial celebrations were put off for a day. Currency restrictions kept away the English visitors, war scares kept away the Americans, and political instability and the closing of the banks kept away the French *bourgeoisie*. To make matters worse, the course of the parade was changed and a limit was put on the height of the floats. Any structures taller than twenty feet would fail to pass under the autocar wires in the Avenue de la Victoire.

King Carnival was duly crowned, dressed in purple and gold and flanked by outsized wine-bottles. There were a hundred and sixty paper-pulp figures and twenty-five masquerade groups, forty thousand electric lights and sixty floods, but the citizens of Nice who turned up in force were sadly disappointed. Height and immensity are of supreme importance.

Every Saturday during the season there is a Battle of Flowers or Night of Love, *Feu, Folie* or *Fantaisie*, according to the whim of the all-powerful *Comité des Fêtes*. The title

is not important. One show is very like another. The leering gentlemen with bulbous rubber eyes and moving lips all bear the stamp of Sauvaigo and Pedemonte, Casili and Trimarco, or of Messieurs Gaillardet and Pin, experts in chicken wire and paper, who have been making carnival figures for the past half-century.

Week after week the same local florists carry out the same designs on the floral carriages, massacring thousands of flowers regardless of expense. A sports car becomes a bird-cage, with closely-packed flower-heads obliterating radiator and hood. A funeral landau is converted into a floral basket, with not an inch of paintwork visible.

The florists create these masterpieces in the open street, trimming up carriages standing outside their shops, often with a patient horse between the shafts. Black-eyed urchins from the Old Town give free criticism as they scramble in the gutters, seizing discarded flowers to use for ammunition in the forthcoming Battle.

Provençal crowds are not content merely to watch a procession passing by. They shout. They cheer. They applaud—five claps to the right, five to the left, five to the right and three in front of the face. They leap in the air for joy when some particularly indecorous or ingenious *char burlesque* approaches. They are filled with an irresistible impulse to throw something. Before the war one could buy bags of compressed paper spheres, like moth-balls. Peppered at swarthy soldiers from France *d'outre-mer* and at quick-stepping *Chasseurs* they did no permanent damage.

At the Grand Carnival mimosa is flung at the scantily-clad shop-girls and handsome men on the floats and *voitures fleuries*, and the painful missiles are hurled back and trampled under foot. Every carriage bears its laundry basket of flowers. In March, narcissi heads and lilac blooms prove to be deadly and durable. The more fragile spring flowers need to be wired to short lengths of wood. May and June bring the orange blossoms and rosebuds; with July come jasmine, carnations, pink rambler roses and

the feathery-leaved mountain lavender. In the arid month of August hoarse *vendeuses* walk along the route selling marguerites and pungent African marigolds at a hundred francs for two hundred blooms.

On my last visit to Nice I was invited to take part in "A Night of Folly." Marius, the waiter at Pension Flots Bleus, was in charge. In exchange for cigarettes and several hundred franc notes per head he arranged for the English guests and the domestic staff to ride in *Voiture Numéro Six*, the property of a travel agency. We were not told what our vehicle was to represent. It was to be a beautiful surprise.

On the morning of the procession we were involved in a violent argument with the agency in question, concerning the refund of ticket money for a trip to Peira Cava, when it was proposed to seat the English contingent on deck-chairs down the centre aisle of the bus. The matter was further complicated by complaints that on a day's visit to Grasse, Bertoni the conductor had gone round kissing the English ladies. After two hours of negotiation on the part of Odette, the chamber-maid, who spoke fluent English with a marked German accent, we received our money back; but there was grave risk that we should find no *voiture* waiting.

Our spirits were low as we left the autocar at the Galeries Lafayette terminus and crossed Place Masséna. The mistral was blowing and parents were refraining from smacking their young on account of its upsetting effect. Searching among the assembled floats and carriages presented by the hotels and departmental stores, we discovered Number Six. It was a farm-cart topped by a red parasol and trimmed with Chinese coolie hats, pulled by a quiet pony and driven by a fierce old man dressed as a Chinaman, who had thoughtfully provided a ladder up which we were to mount.

All was far from ready. A boy was still twisting bulbs into the fairy lights along the Promenade des Anglais. Someone else was walking on the parapet of the Ruhl hotel adjusting the trail of fire, supplied by the *Etablissements*

*de Pyrotechnie*, which was to burst upon our astonished gaze at midnight. Spectators, in their sharply tailored suits and silk singlets, were growing impatient.

A sudden lurch and we were off. In front of us rolled a gigantic Man in the Moon, behind us a hideous Columbine who raised and lowered a bottle. The brass band of the fire brigade, having ridden from headquarters on the engine, had taken up position under the palm trees, their coats unbuttoned for greater freedom. The Queen of Nice, riding in an oyster shell of roses and gladioli, shivered in a Bikini swim suit. "A Veritable Pearl," breathed Marius. There was a strong smell of face powder, dust, and damp vegetation. Confetti dropped like snow.

Round and round circled the carriages, past the luxury hotels as far as Boulevard Gambetta, then back up the Promenade near the sea. Half a dozen loud-speakers blared forth half a dozen different dance tunes. I could only identify "Ah Le Petit Vin Blanc." Flowers fell thick and fast. Odette shrieked a witticism at a stout *pompier* and tossed an aster into his tenor cornet.

As the *chars* approached the *daïs* of the *Comité des Fêtes* there was a noticeable slackening of speed, and winsome smiles were trained on the men in grey and mauve pin-stripes. Entrants who failed to make the grade were diverted into the darkness of the Albert Gardens. The driver of *Chinoiserie*, ill-tempered and blasphemous but determined to win a banner if not a prize, halted his animal under the judge's nose and refused to move until given the sign of approval. Each time we passed the tribune we burst into song—the usual ditties that English people sing on such occasions: Anglo-Saxon folk-songs such as "Nellie Dean" and "Sweet Adeline." The eyes of the Mayor of Nice followed us in incredulous admiration. We remained in the procession almost to the end.

"Don't you feel better?" said Odette, having just embraced a respectable father of a family disguised as a rat. "You English should let yourself go more often." In actual fact my chief sensation was of discomfort. The blows from reinforced flower-heads were far from pleasant and the



jogging motion of the cart after the sixth round of the *piste* was almost intolerable.

At a quarter to twelve the flood-lights went out and the crowds broke the lath barriers and swarmed on to the track, squealing and cheering. The first rocket shot up. Silver meteors streaked across the sky. Serpents spat and hissed. Golden cascades fell slowly and nostalgically in showers of glittering sparks. The gentlemen of the Fêtes Committee rubbed their hands with satisfaction and challenged Cannes to do better. It was a superb display.

A voice called "*Redonnez la lumière,*" and there were groans as the lights were switched on.

"*Erreur!*" cried an official.

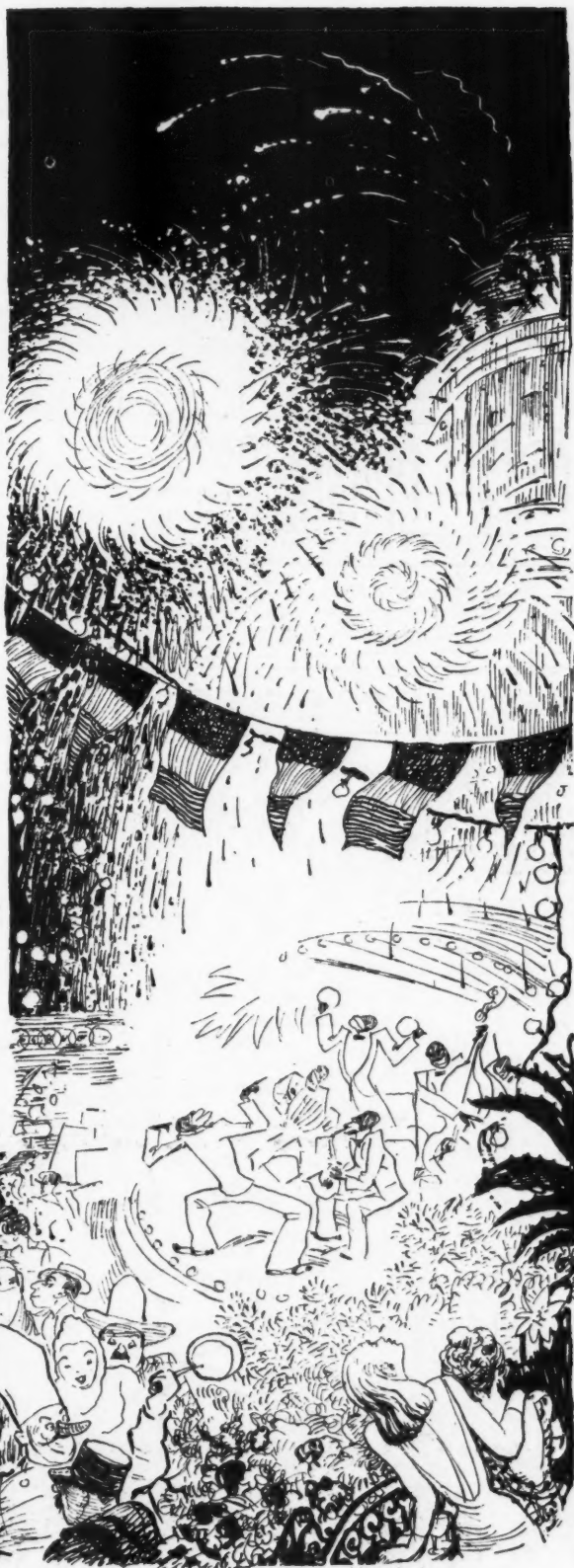
"*Fausse alerte!*" shouted another, and darkness fell again for the grand climax—a barrage of detonating rockets so deafening that all hands were over ears.

It was twelve o'clock, but the night was just beginning. Dance orchestras were playing outside the hotels. Rich guests were on the terraces, surrounded by drinks, pedigree dogs and attentive *garçons*. A proletarian dance was going on in a tent up the *Victoire*, the roulette wheels were spinning in the casinos, and the restaurants round the Cathedral were dispensing ham omelets and *bouillabaisse*.

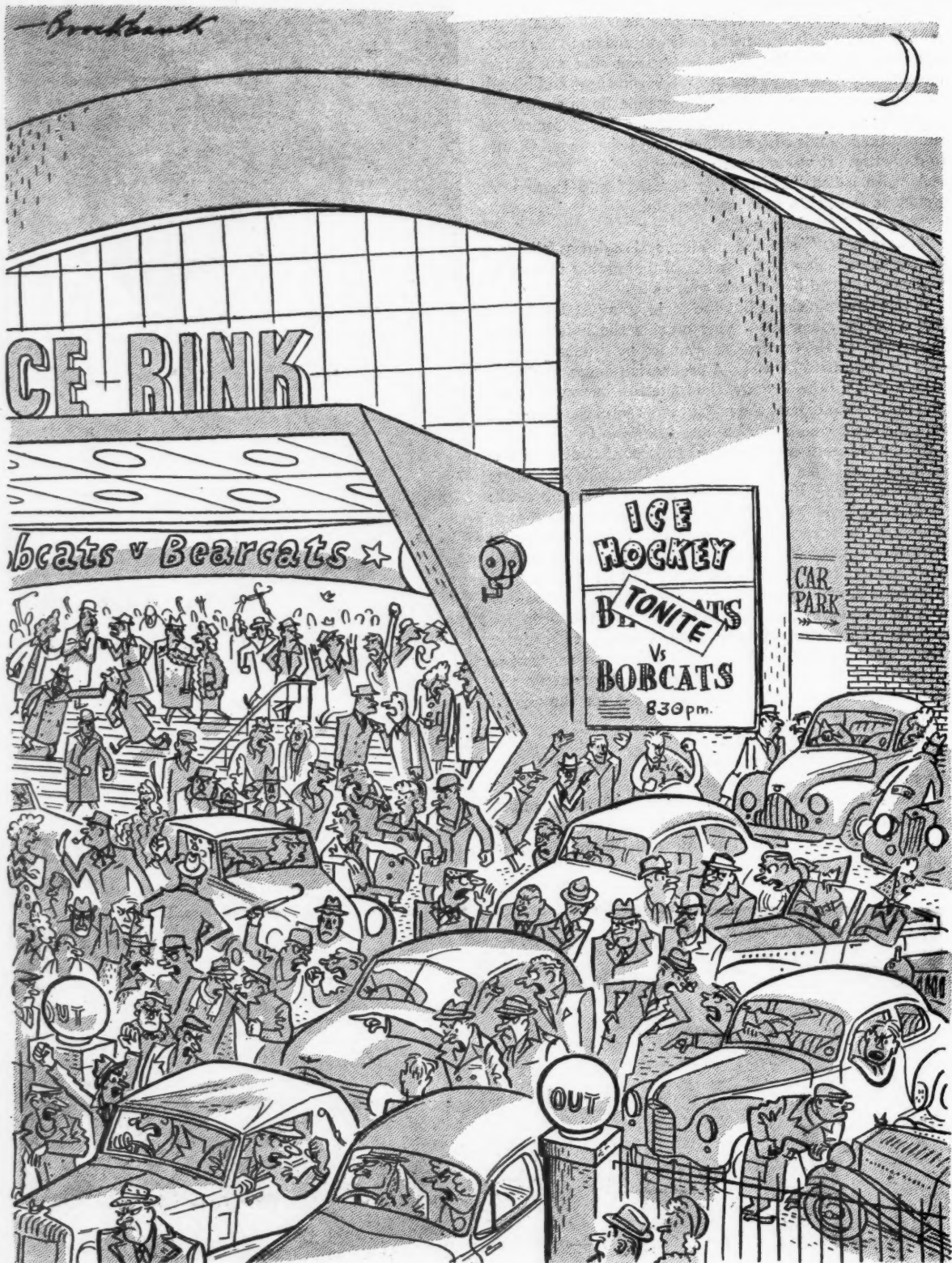
On the sea-front a red-bearded Provençal Scotsman was having a *succès fou* with a pseudo-tartan kilt, binoculars made from two wine-bottles, and a label round his neck: "Auld Lang Syne." Files of girls were strutting arm-in-arm, encircling American sailors from the aircraft-carrier in Golfe Juan. Confetti was stuffed inside dresses and rubbed in retaliation into oiled black hair. Water was poured down nude brown backs. Tangos and rumbas were wailing from the loud-speakers, but the litter was too deep for dancing. The merry-makers were content to saunter round, laughing and jostling, until municipal scavengers arrived with hosepipes and shovels to clear away the debris. There was little sleep that night for the people of Nice.

"Visit the Riviera," said the French National Tourist Office. "Nice offers you comfort and warmth, bright flowers and sophisticated crowds."

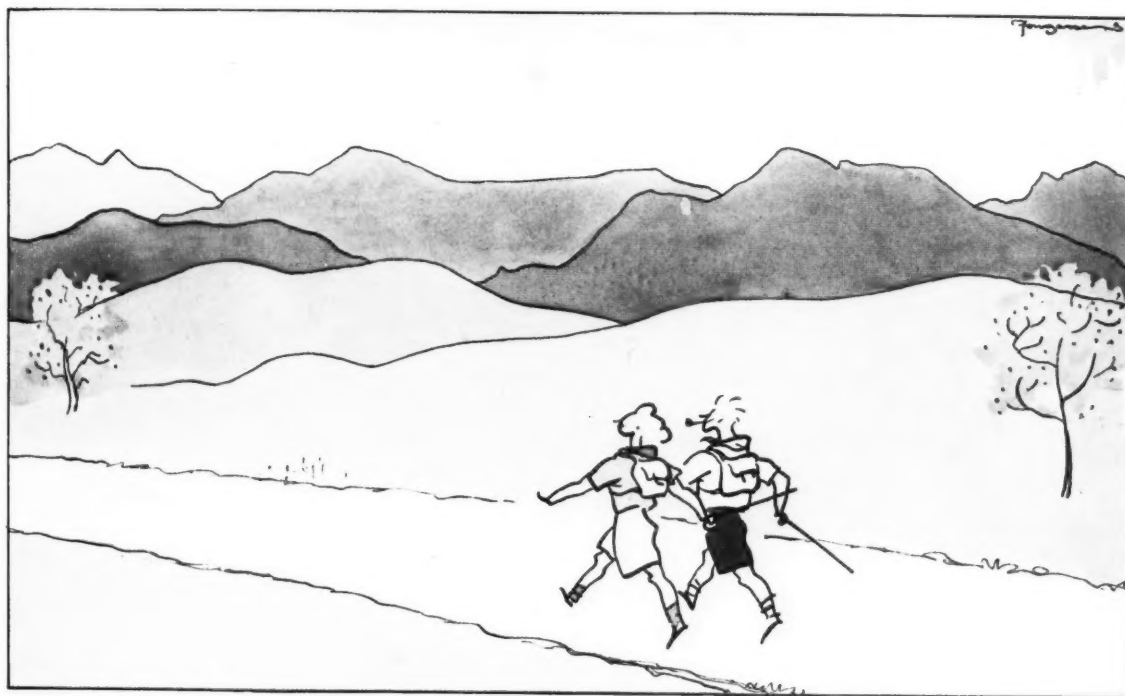
I found the crowds far from sophisticated, and comfort and warmth sadly lacking, but for all that I have a strong urge to be in Nice, when it is Carnival time and "all is mad joy."



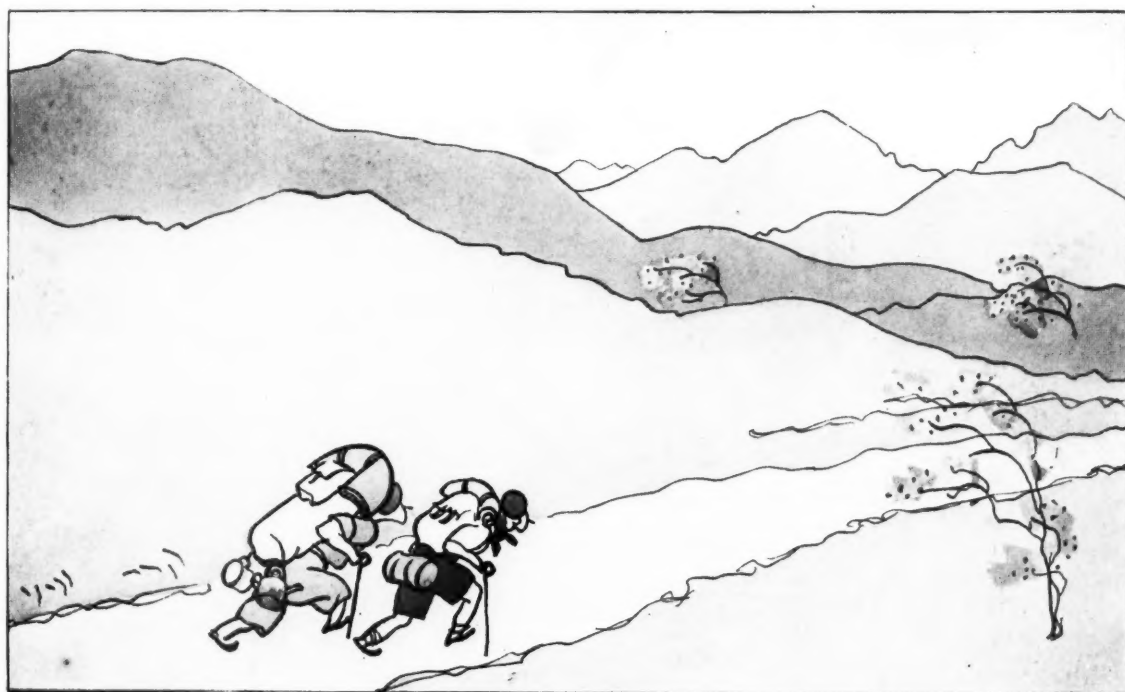




*There are two kinds of biker—*



*the Spartan—*



*and the Sybarite.*



"Robinson says there's nothing like the wealth here there was when he first came."





*"Yes, I've heard of LOTS of happily retired chaps being suddenly dragged back into harness . . ."*



"Number twenty-six is 'The Old Car' and the price is 'One hundred pounds or nearest offer'."



*"The silence is terrific: like a—a—gigantic reference library . . ."*



## The First Term at St. Egwisk's

THE sunshine of a fine May morning poured down upon a noisy cul-de-sac in the heart of a London borough. Warehouses and bus-depots seemed to be basking in its rays; in particular, a square, handsomely proportioned building whose soot-mellowed walls glowed with a golden hue. Here it was that Clarence Fogwell, hurrying from the nearest bus-stop but one, checked his steps and stood, clasping a brand-new attaché case, lost in a turmoil of emotions. St. Egwisk's School of Cookery, with which was incorporated the Vade Mecum College of Culinary Science! He had arrived at last.

Clarence was a bachelor of thirty-eight. He lived alone in a block of flats with no restaurant and, at the time this story begins, had for three years been living on a simple form of root vegetable hotpot. Lately, since the reissue of key-openers, he had added an occasional tin of sardines; it was only occasionally that he could get the tin open. One evening, after an exceptionally hard day at the office, something seemed to snap. It was the key.

"Blast it!" he cried, hurling the tin across the kitchenette and nursing a cut finger. "I can go on no longer!"

And now here he was; in his attaché case a tin-opener, under his arm a neatly-folded apron, a mixing-basin, a pastry board and a thing with holes for scraping up fried potatoes. Gripping his case more firmly and squaring his shoulders, he stepped through the jostling crowd of students and into his new life.

### CHAPTER II

The first day of term at St. Egwisk's was always busy. There were no classes, but the students gathered in the entrance-hall to read the notice-board, swap holiday experiences, compare new potato-peelers and finally to move into the oak-papered Assembly Room for the



"You spoil him, dear."

Inauguration Address. Lost among the chattering throng, Clarence was about to address two girls leaning on a radiator and shouting, but thought better of it and moved to the notice-board.

"MICE": he read. "*Students are requested to co-operate . . .*"

But at this moment a harassed woman in spectacles, clutching a sheaf of papers, approached and conducted him into a spacious room, thickly carpeted. A superb coloured photograph of a macédoine of vegetables hung over the desk from which the Head, an alarming figure, rose to greet him.

"Our motto is *Omnes Pro Omnibus*," she told him. "Miss Winkle will give you your entrance examination paper. The worse you do, the lower the class in which you will be placed."

From this brief interview Clarence gained a tremendous impression of an indefinable *esprit de corps*; an impression enhanced as he followed the secretary down a corridor past more framed photographs, mostly team groups holding ladles or frying-pans, to a classroom where two or three other new arrivals sat frowning and biting their fountain-pens. He, too, frowned as he read his list of questions:

1. Write a note on the architectural history of the pork-pie crust.
2. What are the lumps in white sauce?
3. How do you spell fricassee?
4. Do you like seed cake?
5. Make a list of synonyms for Cabinet Pudding.

Question 1 he decided to leave till later. Over Questions 2 and 3 he shook his head. Question 4 he suspected to be a trap. At Question 5 his brow cleared, and he was still writing when the secretary came to collect the papers.

A fresh-faced man of about his own age wandered over, balancing a rolling-pin on his forefinger.

"I say, that was a stinker, wasn't it?"

"Wasn't it?" replied Clarence enthusiastically. "I bet I've done frightfully badly."

"So do I. I say, can you cook anything?"

"Only potatoes, turnips and carrots all in one saucepan."

"I say, how funny. That's what I can do. Only I loathe turnips. I use parsnips."

"I loathe parsnips."

"How funny! I loathe turnips."

Their friendship was sealed. Clarence learnt that his new chum's name was Arthur Pegley and that he had a cousin who had bought a pressure-cooker. This was a surprising coincidence, for Clarence had a cousin who had not yet bought one. They chatted amicably, and then Arthur exclaimed:

"Did you see that woman in the corner? The great red one with the shopping bag? She had a cookery-book! She looked it up!"

"No!" gasped Clarence. "Well, of all the——"

But here the secretary entered to tell them that Clarence and Arthur were placed in Form III—there was, she said, no Form II or Form I, it just sounded kinder that way—and so were all the other entrants. The chums exchanged meaning glances. Evidently the cookery-book had been of little use. But they had been warned. Mrs. Trug (for that was the woman's name) was someone from whom to expect trouble.

### CHAPTER III

The term slipped by. Friday evening succeeded Wednesday, and Wednesday Friday, in unvarying succession. It was now nearly half-term, and Clarence and Arthur were considerably better cooks than when they



"You have a dreadful dress in the window in a ghastly pink with a lot of unnecessary gew-gaws on it—may I try it on?"

arrived at St. Egwisk's. Clarence, indeed, displayed marked if unorthodox ability. For boiled potatoes, a feature of Form III's curriculum, he had an amazing bent, never losing a tuber through over-prodding. It was typical that he used a pointed knife and that although Miss Dope, a vivacious typist, giggled: "Oh, Mr. Fogwell! *Everyone* digs at potatoes with a *fork*!" he had smiled courteously and persisted. He was popular; always ready with a quip and a good shot with pastry pellets.

But Clarence was not finding life at St. Egwisk's all plain sailing. The trouble began when one evening the students produced their homework, a currant rock-cake, and Miss Crumpet the cake-mistress, a woman with a caustic tongue and a geological hammer, went down the lines tapping and commenting. At the fifth cake she remarked:

"I don't know what's the matter with all of you to-day. Just listen to these currants. They sound more like boot-buttons."

"They are boot-buttons," replied a Miss Jones briskly. "We have plenty in the house—my little brother lost a gaiter—and I didn't want to waste good currants."

There was a murmur of approval at this sensible attitude. Miss Crumpet, her lips tightening, moved on to where Mrs. Trug stood, arms akimbo, smirking—there was no other word for it—visibly.

"Ah!" cried Miss Crumpet, dropping her hammer. "Look at this, class!" She held it up. "Note the golden, typically cake-like tint, note"—she broke the cake open with a single twist—"the consistency; note particularly its underneath, which is neither black nor"—she cast a significant glance down the line—"scraped clumsily off!"

There was another murmur. Mrs. Trug was not popular, and her work so far had been inexperienced even for Form III. Finishing the inspection abruptly, Miss Crumpet strode to the blackboard and drew a longitudinal section of a Victoria sandwich. A bell clanged. The class was over.

"Yours, I think, Mrs. Trug," whispered Clarence, handing

her a paper bag. The housewife's face darkened. Crumpling the bag, on which were the tell-tale words, *J. Trug, Pastrycook and Confectioner. Pork Pies, Weddings a Speciality*, she hissed: "One word of this and I'll break your neck! You wait!"

#### CHAPTER IV

The next evening was devoted to a miscellaneous class at which students were allotted different parts of the cooker. On top Miss Dope watched a panful of rapidly disappearing spinach; Arthur, at the grill below, was making toast and keenly conscious of the implied slight, while to Clarence had been entrusted the oven. On opening it he was dismayed to find it almost red-hot and his shepherd's pie blackened and shrivelled beyond recognition.

"The secret of oven management," said the form-mistress kindly but firmly, "is the twiddle thing at the side, Mr. Fogwell. Mr. Pegley! Your toast is alight!"

Clarence ground his teeth. Though he said nothing, he guessed that Mrs. Trug had chosen this method of working off her annoyance. But worse was to come. On the following Friday his baked onions tasted overpoweringly of vanilla; on the Wednesday after, he made a ginger-cake with pepper and a fritter mixture with (apparently) scouring powder and eau-de-Cologne; a week later his Gladstone pudding exploded in the cooking, the fragments narrowly missing a visiting instructor. By now he was becoming something of a byword. Students had moved their tables to a safe distance, few of the staff dared taste his handiwork, and Miss Crumpet, declaring that he would waste no more of her flour, set him to greasing the baking-tins with what turned out to be paper dipped in paraffin.

Meanwhile Mrs. Trug went from strength to strength. Eclairs and brandy-snaps poured inexhaustibly from her shopping-bag on homework day; it was a matter of common knowledge that she would go straight to Form VI next term, while it was rumoured that Clarence, who had now blown off an oven door with a Fish Surprise, would be asked to vacate his table.

"Cheer up," said Arthur after this particular mishap. "Let's go and have a cup of tea in Tuckers." This was a canteen where students' more moderate failures were sold at a stiff price. Tea, however, was always in brisk demand, and while the two sipped their steaming mugs Arthur sought to console his chum.

"It doesn't make sense," he said. "She knows you wouldn't sneak."

"I admit she's unbalanced," said Clarence. "She never liked me since the day I got in early before the soup class and sawed through her table-leg." The pair chuckled reminiscently. "But actually I think it's a clever stunt. I can't spill the beans"—a slang term peculiar to St. Egwisk's—"simply because it would be so much to my advantage to do so. It's that motto," he added. "I've never forgotten it." It was, indeed, engraved on every kitchen implement and even woven into the drying-up cloths.

"Don't worry," said Arthur, whose volatile nature could work on his friend like a tonic. "Right will out. After all, this is a school, isn't it? By the way, the Deb. Soc. are putting on a wizard show to-night. Blenkinsop is proposing the motion—That in the opinion of this House green vegetables should be cooked with the lid on—and they are expecting some outstanding speeches from the Opposition."

"Good biz!" cried his chum eagerly. "I vote we go and heckle Blenkins."

#### CHAPTER V

Term drew to its close. Under conditions of sweltering heat, which made the creaming of butter child's-play but worked havoc with lettuce, the examinations began. Clarence was anything but confident. He had mashed an exceptionally fine dish of potatoes, his Russian salad was a triumph of precision dicing; the written papers had presented no difficulty. But there still remained the Rhubarb Pie, and he sensed that here disaster awaited him. When the judge called "Time!" it was with some foreboding that he opened the oven door—to find his pie, so lovingly decorated with the school motto in pastry strips, totally uncooked. The oven, which he distinctly remembered having switched on, was cold.

This, Clarence knew, was an error about which the staff held extraordinarily firm views. The Head sent for him. "Mr. Fogwell," she said, "I regret that I must ask you—" but Clarence heard no more. He turned away, his shoulders bowed. Unseeing, he walked down the corridor, past the door hinges battered and frayed where generations of carefree students had opened their bottle-tops. St. Egwisk's had woven its traditions and loyalties into his very being; and now, or rather by next Friday after the prize-giving, its doors were closed to him.

#### CHAPTER VI

Actually, Clarence need not have worried. As Arthur had said, this was a school, and St. Egwisk's was no exception in the nature of its last day of term. Hardly had the Chairman of the Governors presented Mrs. Trug with a silver-plated roller-chopper when a cry rang out: "A runaway horse has entered the building!" Clarence jumped to his feet. It was the work of a moment to fling himself at the neck of the enraged beast; hardly had he replaced the fallen coal-sacks and led it quietly away when another cry rang out: "The boiler has exploded and is flooding the basement!" Clarence had with some difficulty stuck a patch on the leak and organized a bailing-party when there was a third cry: "The gas is escaping!" He had not had time to deal with this when with a flash and a thud St. Egwisk's burst into flames.

Clarence was in his element. He ran hither and thither, reorganizing the bailing-party into a human chain, dragging students, relations and Governors to safety, evacuating the store-room and at the Head's request plunging into her study to find a recipe in a secret drawer. It was, all agreed, entirely owing to his efforts that nothing of value was in the building when, with a sickening crash, the roof fell in.

"Have we forgotten Mrs. Trug?" asked the secretary, who was ticking off the form-lists.

"Mrs. Trug has gone home," replied the Head. "A paper bag with half an éclair in it was found in a fire-bucket. We shall not see her again. She has made a full confession, and I think that in view of the circumstances I should rescind my decision regarding Mr. Fogwell."

"Thanks, awfully," stammered Clarence. "Really, though, it—" but his words were lost as a cheer swept the smouldering ruin. Another term had ended at St. Egwisk's School of Cookery; and in his heart Clarence knew that it was a term he, for one, would always remember.

ANDE

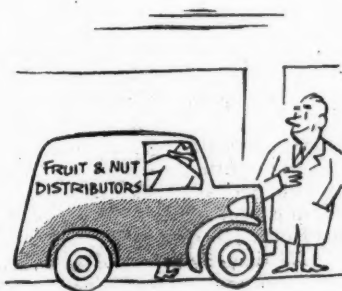
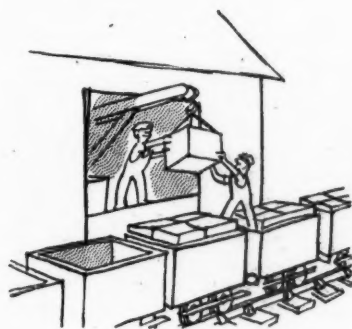
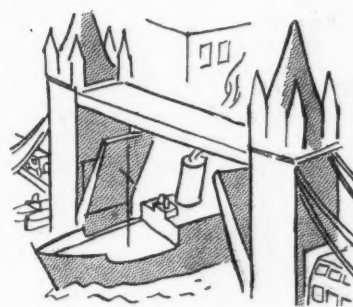
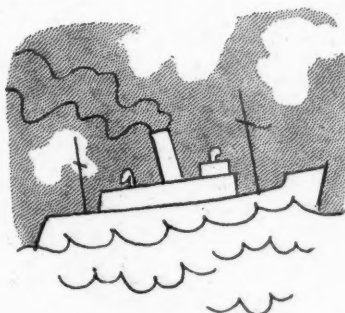
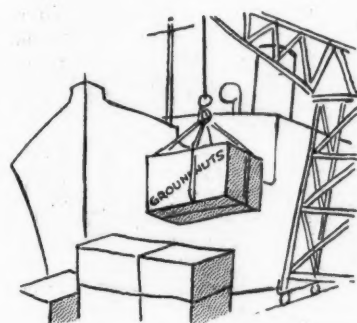
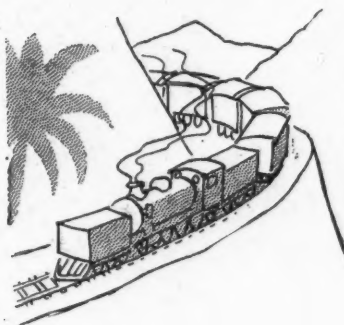
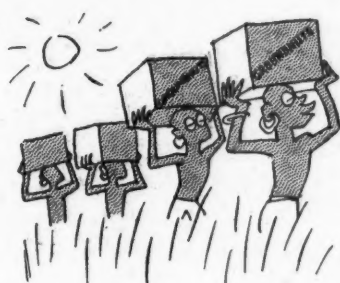
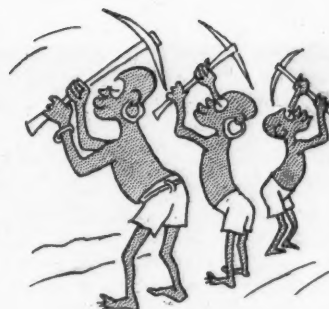
o o

"Oxford Woman Undergraduate willing undertake coaching in arts subjects or baby sitting during Easter vacation."

Advt. in evening paper.

Now let's have a look at the Cambridge curriculum.



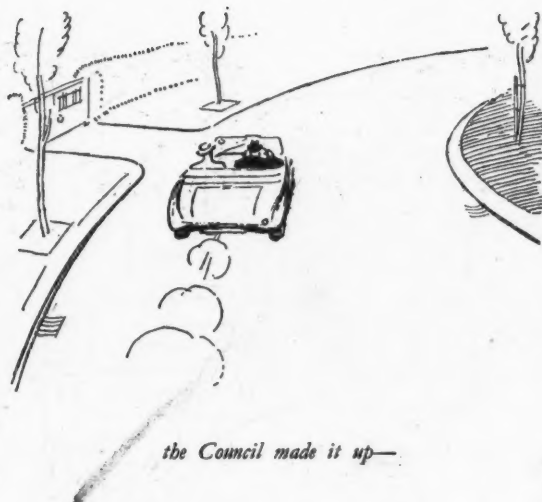


FRANK FINCH





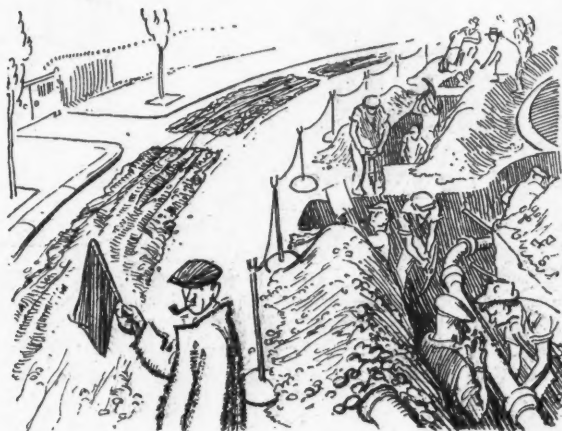
Our road was fairly sporting until—



the Council made it up—



but then the Gas dug it up—



and then the Water tore it up—



and then the Electric ripped it up—



and now, I'm glad to say, it's as sporting as ever.





"Room for just ONE more, sir."

## Festival of Britain

Draft for a Guide to the Pavilion of British Fancy

### INTRODUCTION

IT has been the prime object of the Promoters of the Festival to keep a balance between Britain's Material and non-Material achievements. Hence, while in other buildings may be seen examples of British skill in the extraction of raw materials and their processing, here visitors will find illustrated the British Contribution to legend, myth, phrase and fable.

The Organizers wish to express their gratitude to those bodies and individuals who have assisted by the loan of objects and otherwise. A full list of acknowledgments will be found on pages IV to 15 of this Guide.

A Message from the Mayors of the Metropolitan  
Boroughs

"Well Done, Britain"

### ALL EXHIBITS NUMBERED WIDDERSHINS

#### VESTIBULE

**TABLEAU.** Amid vegetation representing Ilkley Moor, a number of Yorkshiremen are standing hatless. (The words and music of the ballad, with Basic English translation, may be obtained from the attendant dressed as Uther Pendragon.)

**WALL.** Oil-painting (150 sq. ft. approx.), by T. Ponn, R.B.A., representing "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

#### GALLERY I

1. Six tapestries representing scenes in the life of W. G. Grace, designed and executed by pupils of the Marylebone School of Art.

2. Waxworks. The Round Table. King Arthur is seen in session with his Knights and the staff of *Punch*.

3. More Waxworks: Old King Cole with Paganini, Kreisler and Yehudi Menuhin. (Britain has ever welcomed foreign artists of repute to her shores.)

4. Harness worn by Mrs. Pat Campbell as Peter Pan.

5. Bacon Society Stand. Separate catalogue 3d., key 6d.

6. Holograph letter from Lewis Carroll to Dickens:

"DEAR CHAS.,—Just a line. Frantically busy doing rhymed advert. for Oyster Promotion Board. Hope to shove it into the new Alice somewhere. Thanks for the milk punch recipe.

Love,  
Lou."

7. Set of Wedgwood plates depicting "The Mysteries of Udolpho."

8. Tableau: Cinderella, Prince Charming, Fairy God-mother, Ugly Sisters, Brokers' Men.

#### ANTE-ROOM

T. Bayne, Esq.: Mr. Bayne is a werewolf. He will gladly sell his autograph in aid of charity.

#### GALLERY II

The Gallery represents the interior of Borley Rectory. At the odd hours heating will be sharply reduced to give verisimilitude to the reproduction.

#### GALLERY III

1. Tableau: The Lady of Shalott. The lines illustrated are:

"I am half sick of Shadows," said  
The Lady of Shalott."

2. Six Mosaics depicting Dr. Johnson, Dr. Watson, Dr. Fell, Dr. Syntax, Dr. Crippen, Dr. Livingstone (presumed).

3. Celtic stone with mystic inscription. As translated by the Reverend Jones-Jones of Llanwdd it reads:

"Howel the Cave is a terrible man for the curses;  
Powerful very he is and a bad enemy indeed.

Davis the Orchard and Williams the Smithy and Thomas  
the Market

Did he afflict in a manner that was most cruel, so  
it was.

Little Annie Lloyd from down the valley, now,  
Never will she be the same again I do assure you.  
Even though he holds a high position as Druid's Deacon,  
Howel the Cave has a heart as black as anthracite."

4. Bronze weathervane in the form of the Vicar of Bray.

5. Tartan reputedly woven by Bottom the Weaver.

6. Tableau: Little Jack Horner in one corner and Tommy Farr in the other.

7. A plantation of willows: the electric wind-machine may be started by pressing the button.

8. Peepshow: Widdicombe Fair, with Mr. Bung the Brewer, Jan Struther, Fanny Burney, Sir Humphry Davy, Mrs. Siddons, Admiral Hawke, Old Uncle Tom's Cabin and all.

#### MUSIC ROOM

Recitals will be given at frequent intervals of Dr. Ludwig Koch's recordings of ghosts and banshees.

#### CORRIDOR

The walls are papered with the complete text of Spenser's "The Faerie Queene." Glossary on application to the attendant dressed as The Wizard Merlin. (No tipping.)

#### GREENWOOD TREE COURT

Robin Hood and His Merrie Men. Light Refreshments.

#### GALLERY IV

Standing by entrance: Old Moore. Predictions at 10, noon, 2, 4 and (Fridays only) 5.30.

1. English hedgerow. The plants are labelled with the popular names bestowed on them by the national genius for poetic speech.

2. Exorcist's kit, with instructions for use.

3. The Three Graces: statuary by Henry Moore. The figures represent Nell Gwyn, Flora Macdonald and Elizabeth Browning (née Barrett).

4. Holograph letter from Henry VIII to Herne the Hunter (damaged by fire):

"Yt . . . . . nay . . . . . naye . . . . . neay . . . .  
ben . . . na . . . . . xxiv . . . VVinzor Parke . . . .  
Enricu(s) Rekks."

5. Make-Do-and-Mend demonstration of a stitch in time saving nine.

6. Peepshow: The Dong with a luminous nose. (*All done with glow-worms.*)

7. Stained-glass window lent by Mr. and Mrs. Burtwit of Edgbaston and representing Raffles.

8. Aquarium: Mermaids, Britannia paddling from a rock, a case of sea fever, a case of cardioquernism or oaken-heartedness, a bather in white samite, the crew of the *Nancy Bell*.

#### ROTUNDA

Visitors will meet a man going to St. Ives.

Aviary: Michaelmas goose, albatross, smale fowles makyng melodye, corpse of Cock Robin, bat, screech owl, corbie, a couple of dozen blackbirds, Mother Carey's chickens, mallard imaginaire.

#### GALLERY V

The gallery is arranged to illustrate a typical English country scene. A lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea. Under a hedge the Scholar Gipsy teaches Romany grammar to George Borrow. Agricultural shortages caused by Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy Blue make Peel meditate unfavourably on the Corn Laws. On the top of a coach De Quincey offers Mr. Pickwick a pinch of opium in return for a pull at a case-bottle. A rather over-dressed toad with a jewel in its head tells the White Rabbit not to bother about gloves as they are only going to visit Mrs. Tiggywinkle. Jack Ketch invites a Shropshire Lad to look before he leaps. Queen Mab and Queen Titania fight for the crown, which has, however, just been pilfered by the Jackdaw of Rheims. Sumer is icumen in.

#### THEATRE

Each day during the Festival:

2.30. Where the Rainbow Ends.

6.0. Comus: Sweeney Todd.

#### ROOF GARDEN

Trap for moonbeams. Rack for broomsticks. Mounting block for reindeer.

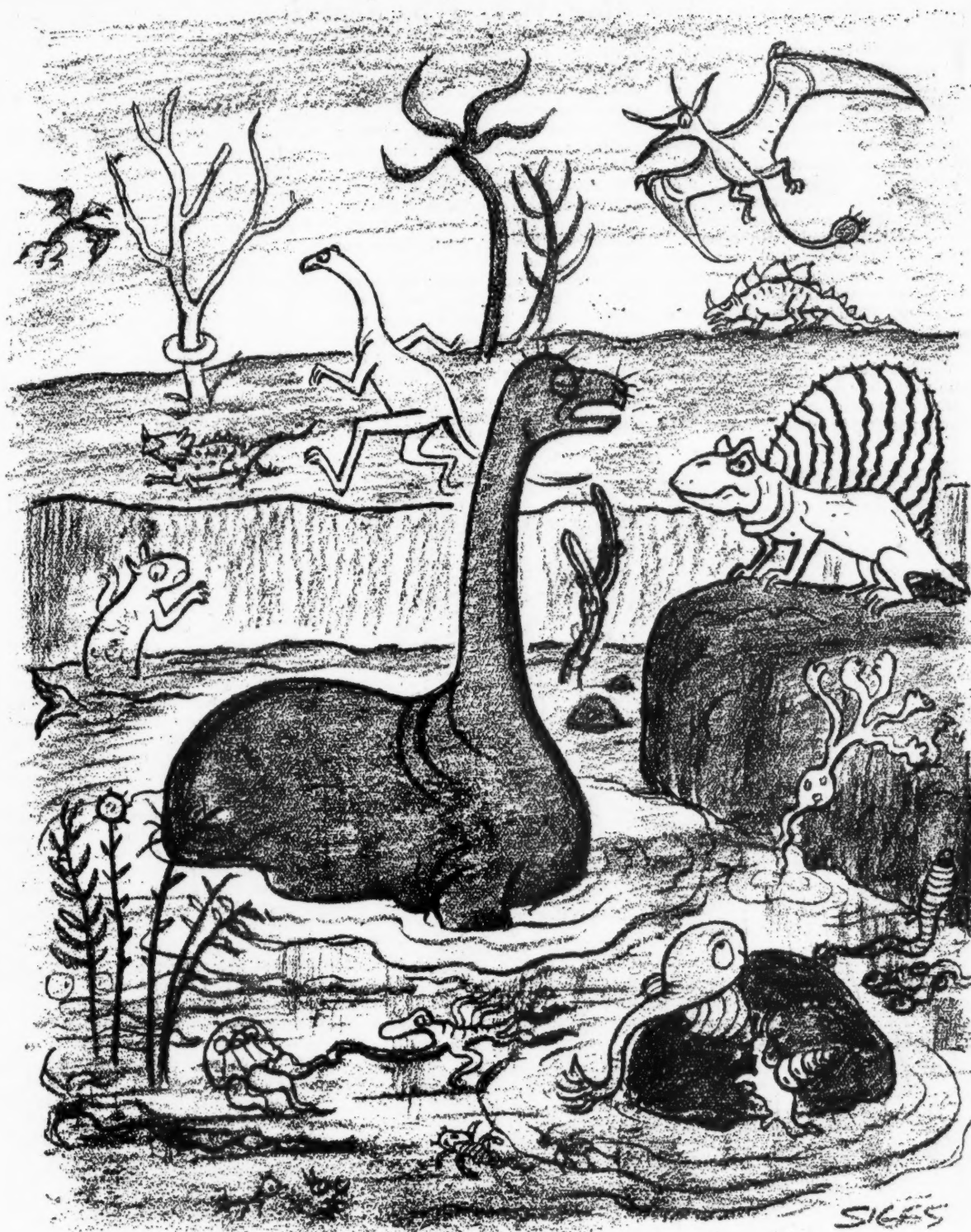
Visitors who have completed their tour of the Exhibition may well echo the sentiments of the Deputy Poet Laureate, whose commemorative verses we are honoured to print:

#### SONNET

Briton, thou wanderest amidst, well wist,  
An argosy of price beyond compare,  
Comprising much that is both rich and rare  
And all of it most interesting. Tryst  
Here with th'unbounded treasure of thy race  
In song, in story and in homely phrase  
Thou heir of ages give their products praise  
And meditate thereon no little space.  
Let foreigners who wend from foreign parts  
To view, to wonder and to backward wend,  
Admire the fires that blaze in British hearts.  
Well 'twould be were the Gaul or Greek to spend  
A frequent educational week-end  
Revering Britain's lead in mystic arts.







"How do you mean, 'Life is what you make it'?"

## The Man Who Was Shamley

I HADN'T been near the club for more than two years. No particular reason, y'know—just one of those things. And there I was, feeling a bit queer and sheepish, wondering whether I should bump into Charlie Weatherall and whether he'd remember, whether Gus Tadman would still monopolize *The Times* crossword, and whether the one about the yogi and the commissar would go down all right.

I pushed through the swing doors and looked round the lobby. Every oak panel seemed in place. Suddenly a porter appeared from nowhere, right under my nose.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but did you drop this just now?"

He offered me a dark-green envelope, almost pushing it into my hands. It

carried no writing, no name, nothing. I shook my head and handed it back, and the porter hurried away. The incident puzzled me.

I visited the cloakroom, made a mental note to complain about the state of the towels, poked my head into the reading-room, returned to the lobby and made a pretence of consulting the tape-machine. Then I climbed the stairs to the bar. So far I had not been recognized.

The bar seemed unchanged since my last visit except that the furniture and fittings were no longer in shimmering triplicate. The barman, however, was a new face, a rather pleasant face too, with a crooner-type moustache as its only blemish. He looked up smartly from the zinc sink and turned to me. Immediately his eyes lit up and a wide

grin of exaggerated recognition underlined the curve of his moustache.

"Mornin', Mr. Shamley, sir," he said. "Nice weather for ducks."

I mumbled something and climbed on to a stool.

"Er—you did say Mr. Shamley, didn't you?" I said.

"Naturally, Mr. Shamley," he said. "Why, what else should I . . ."

"But I've not been in the club for nearly three years. And I don't remember you, anyway. What's your name, eh?"

"Shawford, sir. Been here nearly a year, sir."

"Then, how on earth . . .?"

The man dashed some ice into a glass, measured a gin, added lime and stirred vigorously.

"What's this?" I said.

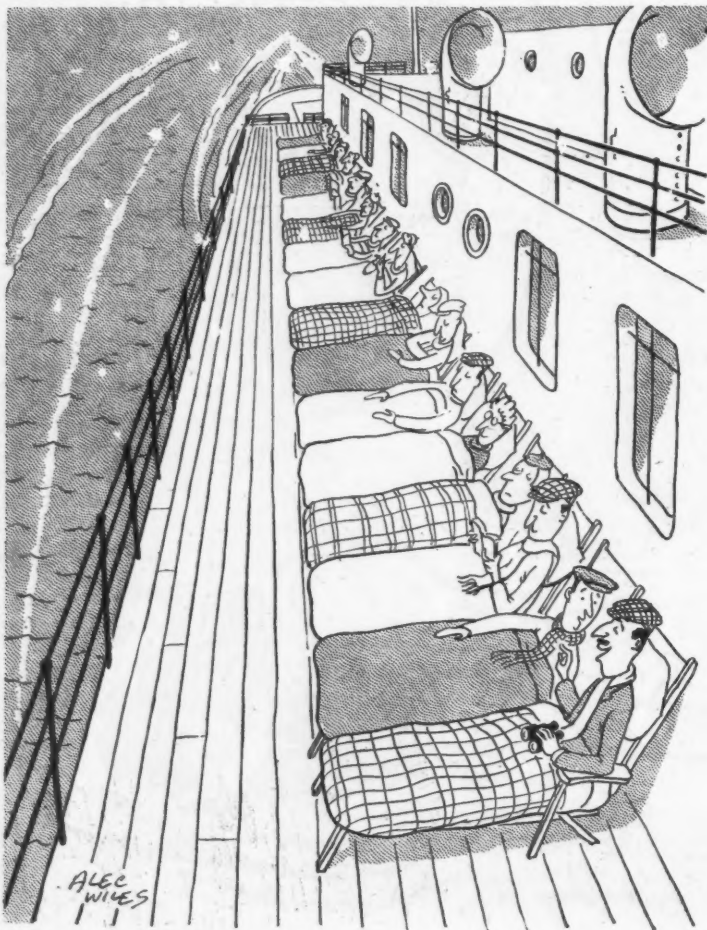
"Your usual, sir. Hope it's O.K." He was smiling, deriving immense satisfaction from his own masterful efficiency and from my somewhat flustered astonishment.

"Look here, Shawford," I said, "this won't do at all. How . . .?"

"It's our job, sir," he said, "to know everybody's likes and dislikes. Just a job, sir. All in the day's work."

He retreated to the far end of the bar to attend to another client and left me alone with my bewilderment and my gin. Could the fellow have seen me on the films? Could that be it? Yes, I supposed so. He was perfectly free to visit the cinema in his off-duty periods, wasn't he? But why the films? I blushed momentarily at my folly and at the picture of myself conjured up by this ridiculous conceit. All the same, I felt a little better now that I was at grips with the problem. Could he have seen my picture in the papers? No, that was more than twenty years ago and was nearly all confetti anyway. Could he have . . . No, that was altogether too fantastic. How, then? I'd read somewhere of people with X-ray eyes, people who could see the contents of a pocket-book right through the heaviest layer of serge. I emptied my pockets. There were no letters, only a few bus-tickets, a blank pools form, a cheque-book, a shopping-list, a leaflet about pig-clubs and a small sum of money. The initials on my cigarette-case were so monogrammed as to be utterly indecipherable—not that "W.K.L." would have helped very much anyway. "Shawford!" I shouted.

He moved over briskly, placed both hands on the counter and tilted his head inquisitively to one side.



"Land on the starboard bow—pass it on."

"Sir?"

"Look here, man, you've got me puzzled. You must have some system or something, and I've a right to know what it is. Come on, out with it."

Shawford blushed.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Shamley," he said, but it's as I've said. Some gents gets real upset if we don't remember their names. Old Mr. Cranstone, f'rinstance, goes schoolgirl all over if anyone forgets 'im. Wouldn't contribute to the staff fund last Christmas because the librarian called 'im Cawthray the previous July. So you see!"

"You won't tell me then? You refuse?"

"It's not that, Mr. Shamley . . ."

I plunged from my stool and sulked my way into the dining-room. Charlie Weatherall was sitting with his back to me. He looked fatter and more prosperous than ever. The curried mutton was frightful.

I got the idea right in the middle of the plums and custard. The dark-green envelope! It was the only possible explanation. I gulped my coffee and hurried back to the bar.

"Look here, Shawford," I said, "the way I figure it is this. You chaps *must* have some method of identifying any stray member who pops in—right? Well, a member turns up and nobody recognizes him, so the porter-chap takes his finger-prints, rushes them to the files, checks up on him and circulates a full description to the staff with a list of his preferences, idiosyncrasies and the like."

Shawford's cheeks were ablaze.

"Very, very clever," I went on. "Very clever, the way you manage to get those finger-prints with your dark-green envelopes coated with talc. Most ingenious. Now, then, Shawford, how far is this from the truth, eh?"

"Well, sir, I'm afraid . . ."

"Come on, man, out with it!"

Shawford raised his eyes and composed himself deliberately. He waited for his cheeks to lose their brilliant colour before speaking.

"All right, sir. It's like this, if you must know. When I came here nearly a year ago the manageress told me what to do. It's better to be wrong with a name, she says, than leave it off altogether—like giving a man wrong initials on an envelope rather than leave 'im with just the surname, like. So not knowin' anybody I looks down the list and picks one out that's easy to remember. Then when a member come in, I says, 'Mornin', Mr. So-and-so,' and he'd say 'It's not So-and-so: it's Whateveritis,' and I'd say, 'Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Whateveritis. Sorry, just 'appened to be thinkin' about

Mr. So-and-so, see.' Most members didn't mind if I put it that way."

"And this Mr. So-and-so—who was he?" I said.

"Why, sir, he was you, beggin' your pardon. I picked you out quite by accident, probably because you begin with a 'Sh' like me. Anyway, I kept sayin' 'Mornin', Mr. Shamley,' and every time it wasn't I ticked 'em off my list. Well, last week I checked up and found I'd called nearly everybody Mr. Shamley sometime or other because there was only two members not ticked off. So I knew there was a fifty-fifty chance of the next one being the *real* Mr. Shamley."

"Go on," I said, "this is getting interesting."

"There's no more to tell, really, sir. You come in this mornin' and I wonder

whether to call you Mr. Shamley or Mr. Hargreaves—he's the other one—so I said to myself, I'd better stick to Mr. Shamley after all this time. You know, see the thing out properly. And I was glad I did cos it *was* you, sir. Soon as I saw you raise your eyebrows I knew I'd got it right at last. It's been an interestin' experiment, as you might say."

I bought Shawford a drink—a gin-and-lime—and sat digesting my lunch and his extraordinary story. Another member was rapping on the plastic surface of the counter with a heavy signet-ring to attract Shawford's attention.

"Yessir," said the barman, "coming, sir. Oh, mornin', Mr. Sham . . . that is, Mr. Hargreaves, sir. Nice weather for ducks." Hod

## A Ballade of Facial Phenomena

WE hardly sense the omen, faint and pale,  
When world-wide movements first disturb the  
air;

Like existentialism and eating whale

They always seem to catch us unaware.

I think the germ of some such new affair

Can be detected now, or shortly will—

I judge from studying the faces there

That beards are coming back in Notting Hill.

They seem to sprout on every other male,

Vandyke, Imperial, red, dark or fair;

On every face but mine (where whiskers fail)

They indicate the truly debonair.

Some sport the kind that Lenin used to wear,

Or copy Shaw with enviable skill.

Imberb, my cheeks are sneered at everywhere,

For beards are coming back in Notting Hill.

No other district vaunts them on this scale;

In Ham and Hampstead, chins are still seen bare;

"Costas" content the men of Perivale;

Then how explain our much excessive share?

Is it the Russians' local *piéd-à-terre*

Or something more unfathomable still

Ordaining (to my personal despair)

That beards are coming back in Notting Hill?

### Envoi

Prince, let your face remain devoid of hair;

In Curzon Street it would become you ill.

But I may grow unchecked in Pembridge Square,

For beards are coming back in Notting Hill.

B. A. Y.





*"Excuse me—may I plug in my electric cooker?"*



*"And here at last comes what we've been waiting for."*



"Is it about Rover's licence?"





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# Biscuits

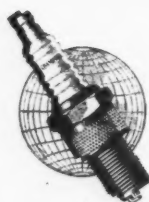


# ROLLS-ROYCE

*are supplied with*

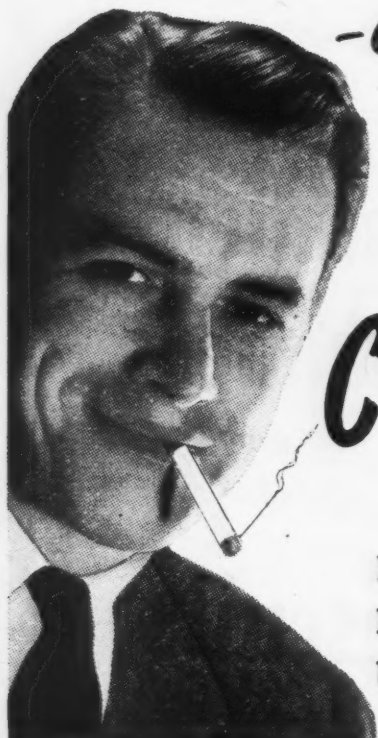
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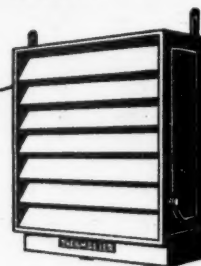
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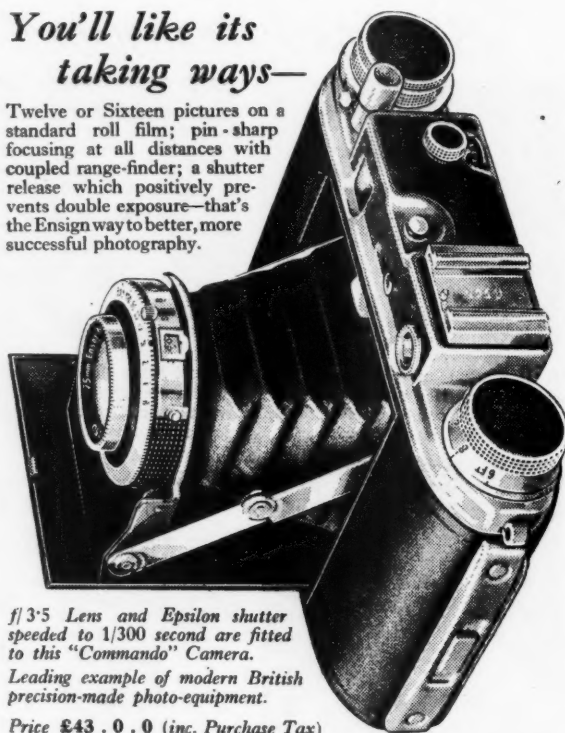
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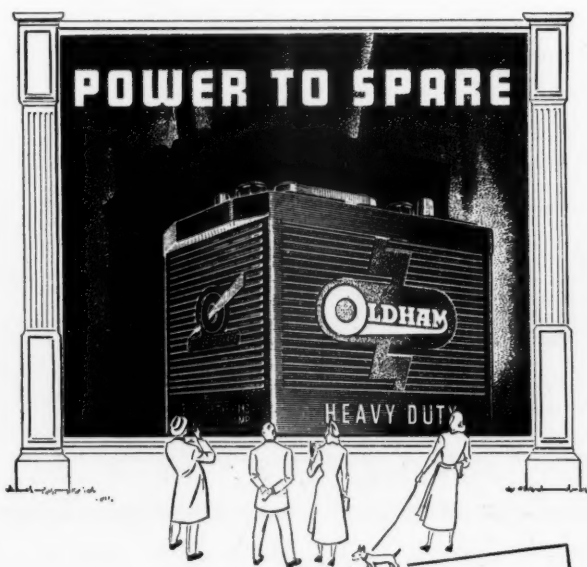
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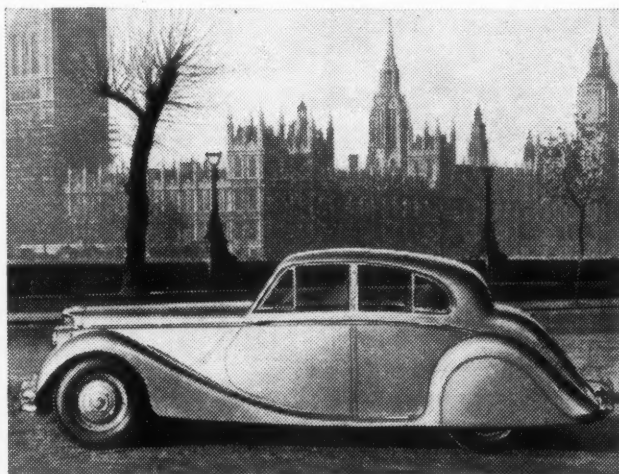


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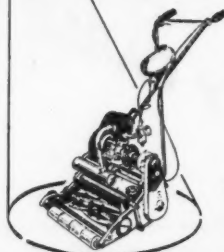
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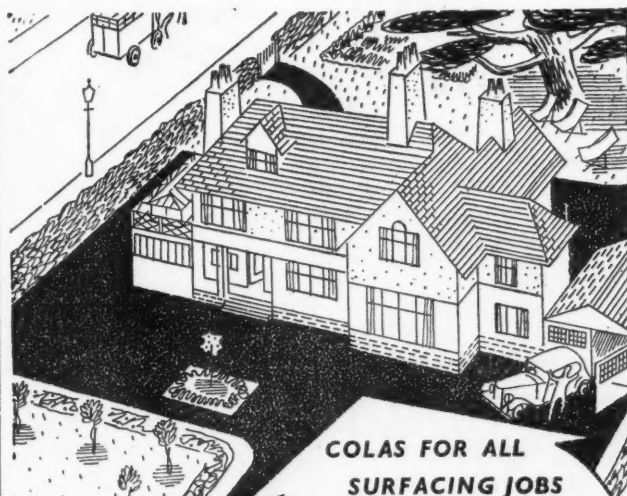
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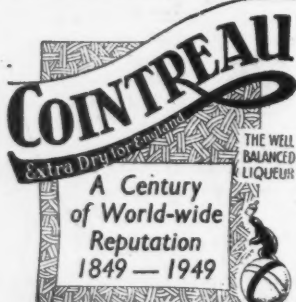
MELTIS LTD • LONDON & BEDFORD



## HARD TO FIND

like Vantella Shirts  
to match Van Heusen Collars

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Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W1

YOU CAN TELL AT A GLANCE—



For cross-country comfort: ladies' sporting Gleneagles in ecru calf with blue, green, red or tan saddle.

SHOPS WHEREVER YOU GO

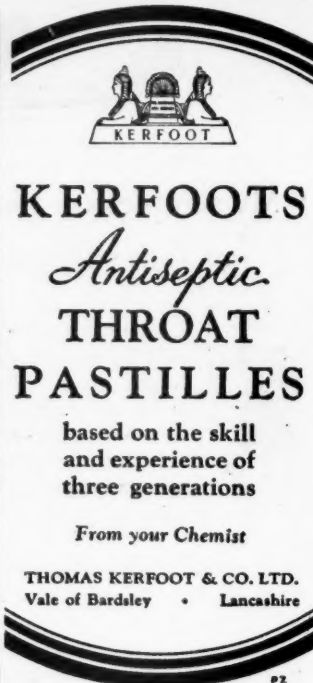


The finest cream comes  
from Devon . . .  
but the finest squash  
comes from

## SUTTONS

FRUIT SQUASH  
3/- PER BOTTLE.

Makers of Fine Pickle, Corned Goods, Master Touch Sauce, and "The Cream of Salad Creams."



MANUFACTURERS

OF

BRIGHT STEEL BARS

THE

## HALESOWEN STEEL

CO. LTD.

HALESOWEN, NR. BIRMINGHAM.


68 VICTORIA STREET,  
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MANCHESTER 1.



For doggy  
good health—  
**Bob Martin's**





Cigar connoisseurs—for whom the finer points of bouquet, wrapper and filler are matters of moment—will enjoy Don Luis Jamaican cigars—an importation exclusive to Rothmans. Write for details of size and prices. Rothmans Ltd. (Folio H.12)  
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**Rothman of Pall Mall**

THE BEST-KNOWN TOBACCONIST  
IN THE WORLD



*Mother dear, how well you look!*

"And daddy, too! Positively radiant, both of you, and looking years younger. What have you been up to?"

"Perhaps it's because we're so pleased to see you again."

"Nonsense, darling. Last time I was here you know I was quite worried about you both, you looked so run-down and tired."

"We certainly do feel much better now, and I suppose I'd better tell you. We've both been taking Phyllosan, and we have been taking it regularly—because your father sees that I don't miss a dose and I make sure that he doesn't either."

★ Anyone taking Phyllosan can get a novel pocket tablet-container free by sending 2½d. stamp for postage to Natural Chemicals Ltd. (Dept. 23), St. Helens, Lancs.

You, too, should take

**PHYLLOSAN**

especially if you are over forty

Phyllosan tablets are obtainable from all chemists, 3/8, 6/-, and 22/4



**"I'll come right away"**

Even though yours be one of the best-regulated families, accidents will happen, and it is plain common sense to be ready and able to act for yourself. Whenever infection threatens, **'DETTOL'**, deadly to germs yet gentle to tissue, is 'first aid' in the truest sense. Keep it always handy.

RECKITT AND COLMAN LTD., HULL AND LONDON

**Reduced Prices**

**SUCH LOVELY WINE NOW FIVE-AND-NINE**

Our British Wines represent the best value in wine obtainable today, and the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality for over 50 years.

**RUBY and WHITE** Per Bott. 5/9  
Good full bodied wines.

**BRITISH SHERRY. Brown** „ 7/6  
Excellent for general use.

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Superb flavour and bouquet for all occasions. Extra high strength.

**GINGER WINE and ORANGE WINE.** 6/3  
Full alcoholic strength. Ideal for parties.

If you have any difficulty in procuring, please write Whiteways, Whimble, Devon, for name of nearest agents.



**WHITEWAY'S WINES**

# ROSS'S

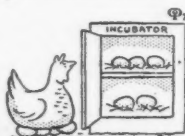
BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

Back for old friends abroad—but very scarce at home

There are  
many  
imitations



The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the real Aertex is unique. It has never been successfully copied. You can tell it by this label.

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**AERTEX**



**Vent-Axia**  
for Better  
Air Conditions



Simplest  
form of controlled  
ventilation



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Light up, and let the world pipe  
down. The man who fills his  
well polished briar with

**Balkan Sobranie Smoking Mixture**  
can retire long before sixty. He can  
retire from every working fret  
and come back in due course  
a more balanced and more active  
man. Here is the rarest Yenidje  
leaf matured through seven  
long years to provide the heart of a  
mixture which owes its secret  
to the hereditary blenders of  
Sobranie Ltd. Light up, and let  
the world pipe down . . .

Made by the makers of Balkan Sobranie at Sobranie House, London, E.C.1



SHERRIES from the famous  
BRISTOL CELLARS

Harveys of Bristol hope soon to  
advertise their famous "Bristol  
Milk" and "Bristol Cream" again.  
Meanwhile they have excellent  
Sherries for everyday use at the  
controlled price of 20/-. Six are  
listed below, and you may care to  
order an assorted case. Any charge  
made for packages will be allowed  
for on their return. Carriage on  
three or more bottles is free.

MANCHITA, medium dry	20/-
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FINO, light pale dry	20/-
ANITA, light brown	20/-
CLUB AMONTILLADO	20/-
PALE DRY, Sherry	20/-

**John  
HARVEY**

& SONS LTD. Founded in 1796.  
3 Pipe Lane, Colston Street, Bristol, 1  
London Office: 40 King Street, St James's, S.W.1

CVS-33



WHEREVER YOU BUY A HAT  
it had better be a  
**Battersby**

Hatters Since  
1863

all shrewd judges smoke

**Orlik**  
BRIAR PIPES

Every Orlik pipe is an individual work of art in  
the choice of the briar, in its weight and shape.  
To possess one, is to enjoy the constant satis-  
faction of owning the finest of its kind.

Also Orlik Lighters, Pouches & Leather Cigarette Cases

L. ORLIK LTD.,  
17-18, Old Bond St., London, W.1.  
Established 1899.



CVS 14

# VOTRIX



the Vermouth at the  
reasonable price

SWEET 10/- DRY 12/6

PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LTD • KINGSTON • SURREY

## DRINK

# EVANS' CIDER

from the  
"GOLDEN PIPPIN"  
MILLS

*You'll  
enjoy it*

SOLE MAKERS

WILLIAM EVANS & CO. (HEREFORD AND DEVON) LTD.  
WIDEMARSH, HEREFORD. Established 1850.



TRADE MARK  
(Regd.)

*Everyone has someone*



*worth saving for*

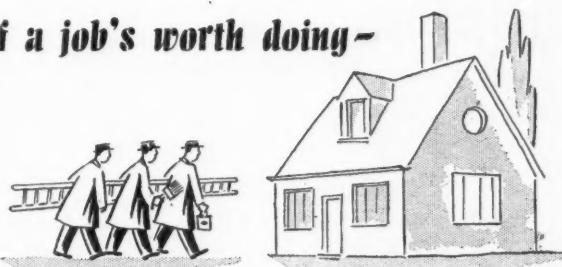
Invest in

## NATIONAL SAVINGS

NATIONAL SAVINGS CERTIFICATES • DEFENCE BONDS  
POST OFFICE & TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*

*If a job's worth doing -*



*it's worth doing with -*



## RIPOLIN

### THE PAINT OF QUALITY

Write for colour card and full particulars

RIPOLIN LTD. 9 DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.2





## ETERNA

\* PROTECTED PRECISION  
against Shock and Magnetism

The lady's round model (No. 106) has a water and dust-proof stainless steel case and costs £13.8.4, luminous dial 5/10 extra. The fashionable square model (No. 115) also has a stainless steel case, the price being £13.5.0.

At the moment only limited supplies of ETERNA watches are available in Britain, and these, including men's watches, are distributed to high-class watchmakers.

Sole Distributors for Great Britain and Northern Ireland (Wholesale only)  
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**'King's Own'**  
**DRAWING PENCILS**

**CUMBERLAND PENCIL CO. LTD.**  
KESWICK

### HOLIDAYS!

Most of us leave our cares and worries behind us when we go on holiday. But many poor mothers can never leave theirs behind because they never go on holiday. And yet they could if only YOU would support the Church Army Fresh Air Homes. Please send a gift to Rev. Preb. Hubert H. Treacher, Church Army, 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

**GREENS LTD**  
Wine & Cigar Merchants,  
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,  
London, E.C.3.

We recommend with every confidence the charming  
**WINES OF ALSACE**  
(bottled abroad by the shippers)

We offer a range of  
**6 BOTTLES for £40.0**  
Carriage Paid



# Cerebos

The salt of a century



## NOT CRICKET

"Didn't I see you conducting a male voice choir in the Club at three this morning, William?"

"Music is wonderful."

"It is indeed! How you could have knocked up a faultless century after such 'music' passes my comprehension."

"Foresight, my man. Wisdom

from a sporting print. A glass of Rose's Lime Juice after the evening's hilarity and you wake up with eyes as clear as if you'd retired at nine with a good book."

"You attribute your success to . . . ?"

"Exactly. To sound coaching and Rose's Lime Juice. And just not to take any chances let's get ourselves a long gin and Rose's now."

**ROSE'S**—for Gin and Lime

You can't have as much  
as you want - but now  
you can have a little more!

**Farrar's**

**ORIGINAL HARROGATE TOFFEE**

JOHN FARRAR LTD.  
CRESCENT ROAD  
HARROGATE

Famous since 1840



## Contemplation

Amid a fragrant cloud of Chairman Tobacco, contemplation is far more rewarding. This supremely blended mixture aids judgment and simplifies the complicated. It is a perfect companion for the philosophic moment.

## Chairman Tobacco



4/2½ per oz.  
In 2 oz.  
vacuum  
tins and 1  
oz. packets.

Three strengths: Chairman, medium; Boardman's, mild; Recorder, full. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to Chairman Sales Office, 24 Holborn, London, E.C.1

Q1

## A Greenhouse of Quality



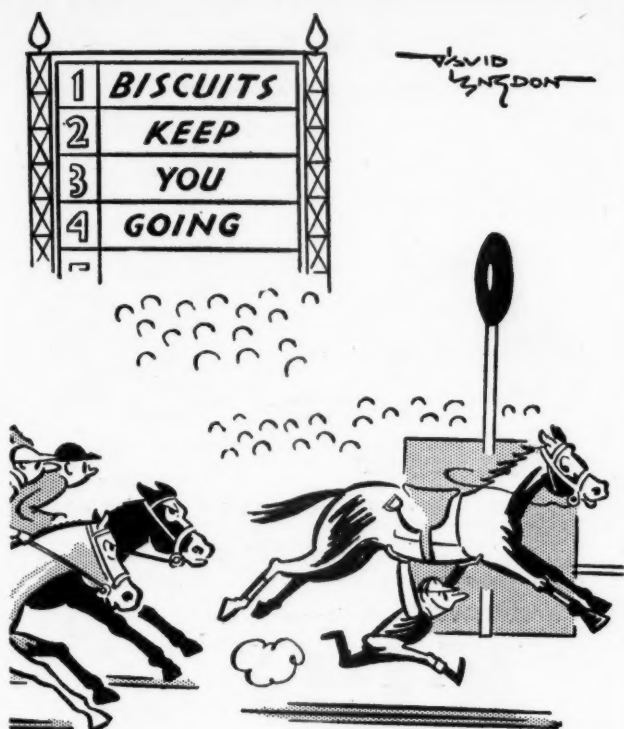
**JUNIOR £15** Dutch Pattern **INCLUDING FREE**

**GARDEN FRAME with Glass**  
OTHER MODELS  
6ft. x 4ft. £19-10 7ft. x 5ft. £24  
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Send P.C. for list to:

**Silver Mist Greenhouses**  
DEPT. P.U.D., BROCKHAM,  
BETCHWORTH - SURREY  
Tel.: BETCHWORTH 2391





Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance to remind you that although biscuits are still scarce, they remain the most compact energy food.

CVS-214

The breadwinner eats more Hovis now . . .



to keep up his strength  
the sensible way

**Hovis**

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD

**LEMCO**

1865-1949  
**The Original  
Extract of BEEF**

One  
pound of  
LEMCO contains  
the concentrated  
juices of over  
30 pounds of  
prime beef.



PREPARED BY OXO LIMITED • LONDON



**MONK & GLASS**

is jolly good custard

so glass won't bend . . .



The experimentalist in the picture should have a word with Chance Brothers, who produce micro-glass so thin that if you pick it up it bends like a sheet of paper. This is used for cover glasses in highly accurate microscope work—and Chance Brothers are the only firm in the British Empire who make it. But for unexperimentalists who don't want their glass to bend, they also make thin glass, thick glass, pressed glass, moulded glass, blown glass, rolled glass, flat glass, patterned glass, obscure glass and crystal clear glass—in a word

*Chance* GLASS

FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED, Glassmakers since 1824, produce Optical Glass, 'Hysil' (regd.) Laboratory Glassware, Pressed Glassware, Rolled and Wired Glass for Building, Lighting Glassware, Scientific and other Specialised Glass Products, Lighthouses, Marine and Aviation Lighting Equipment, etc. Head Office: Smethwick 40, near Birmingham. London Office: 28 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Branch Works at Glasgow, St. Helens and Malvern.

**£4,159**

**FOR YOU AT AGE 55**

Suppose, for example, you are not over 45, this is how the plan will help you—for women the benefits are slightly different. You make agreed monthly, quarterly, or yearly payments to the Sun Life of Canada—and at 55 you will receive £4,159 plus accumulated dividends—or £240 a year for life and accumulated dividends. If you are over 45, the benefits are available at a later age.

**£3,000 For Your Family.**

Whilst building up this retirement fund or pension your family is provided for. Should you not live to reap the reward

yourself your family would receive £3,000, even if you had made only one payment under the plan.

**Income Tax Saved.**

Income tax payers are entitled to the appropriate allowance of tax applicable to premiums paid under this plan.

**Over 1,500,000 Men and Women.**

Over 1,500,000 men and women in all parts of the world are providing for themselves or their families under policies issued by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada for sums assured of £911,000,000.

By filling up and sending the enquiry form you can obtain details suited to your personal requirements. The plan covers all amounts of savings from as little as £2 per month, and the cash and pension can be arranged in most cases to commence either at age 50, 55, 60, or 65. It also applies to sons and daughters, who would greatly benefit by starting now. It is the safest and most profitable way of providing financially for you and yours.

**FILL IN THIS FORM NOW**

**POSTAGE ONE PENNY IF UNSEALED**

To M. MACAULAY (General Manager for British Isles)

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA**

20, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.

I should like to know more about your Plan, as advertised, without incurring any obligation.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

Occupation

Exact date of birth

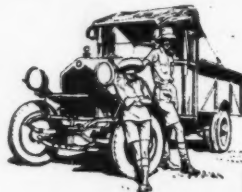
Punch, May 30, 1949

## SCRAPBOOK FOR MOTORISTS

by **K.L.G.**

THE INTER-WAR YEARS

Between the wars there was a transport revolution that brought almost every part of the world within a few days' distance. Cars and aeroplanes changed their appearance and performance. Much of the credit for this change goes to K.L.G. Plugs for they were used consistently in the pioneering expeditions and flights that opened up the Empire and the world.



The Court Treatt Cape to Cairo Expedition travelled 12,700 miles across Africa.



In October Alan Cobham completed his first flight to Australia and back.

The first cars to be driven across Australia and Africa were K.L.G. equipped. And these plugs were used exclusively by such famous pilots as Jim Mollison, Amy Johnson, Alan Cobham, Charles Gardner, Jean Batten, Tommy Rose and Bert Hinkler. In this way K.L.G. Plugs played a leading part in making the great world small.

**EXPERIENCE**—that's what makes

**K.L.G.**

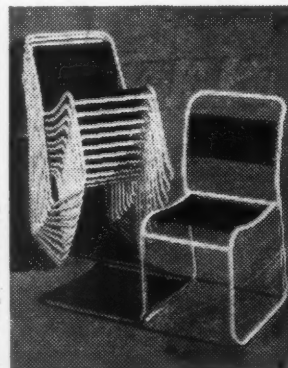
PLUGS—too good to miss!



K.L.G. SPARKING PLUGS LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2.  
AN ASSOCIATED COMPANY OF SMITHS MOTOR ACCESSORIES LTD.,  
THE MOTOR ACCESSORY DIVISION OF S. SMITH & SONS (ENGLAND) LTD.



## Where can all these people sit?



When people need to sit they like to sit in comfort. When people need to move they like to move with ease. A neat stack of Pel Nesting Chairs—very little bigger than one single chair—will provide comfortable seats for 20 people in a matter of seconds. A hall-full of Pel chairs is quickly turned into a hall-full of floor space. Designed to stand up to a long boisterous life, these light-weight chairs are made of high quality tubular steel, rust proofed and stove enamelled to a hard glossy finish. Just the thing for any community that wants to have its space and to sit in it as well. Ask for particulars of the full range.

**PEL CHAIRS NEST**



MADE BY PEL LTD. • OLDBURY • BIRMINGHAM  
London Showrooms: 15 Henrietta Place, W.1

A COMPANY



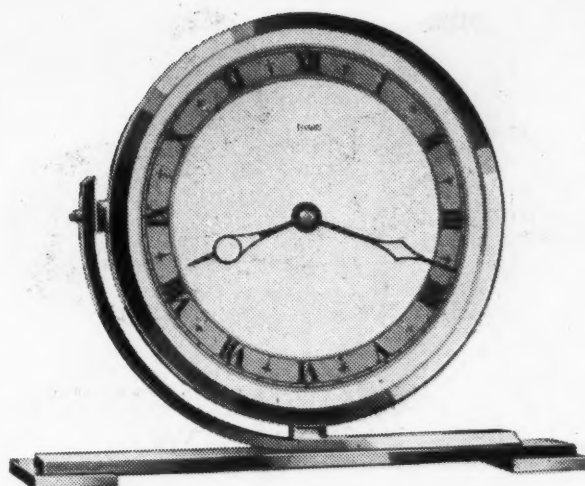


4/5½

an ounce in  
Fine Cut  
or Double  
Broad Cut.

Only an outstanding tobacco could win, and hold, the world-wide preference shown by smokers for Craven Mixture. This superlatively satisfying tobacco is one of the finest ever made.

*"It is a Tobacco  
to live for"*  
Sir James Barrie in  
"My Lady Nicotine"

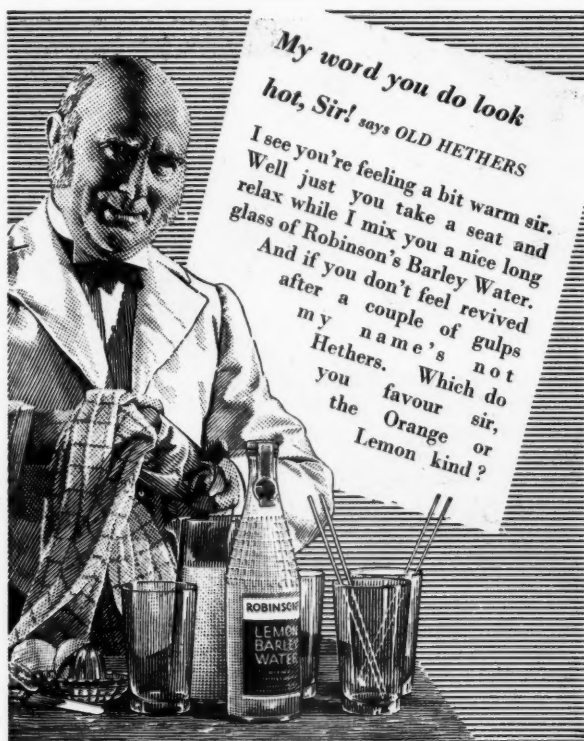


## Clockwise?

Are you wise to the ways of clocks, keen-eyed to see their finer points? If so, we recommend this one, Model No. 115, to you from the wide range of Ferranti electric clocks. Its design is simple, modern, effective; it's chromium-plated with a cream and silver face. And, like all Ferranti clocks, it's efficient. Recent price reductions make these fine clocks better value than ever before. Write for list C.18.



**Ferranti Ltd** MOSTON MANCHESTER 10; &  
36 KINGSWAY LONDON WC2



**Robinson's** Lemon BARLEY  
or Orange WATER

CVS-196A

*'I see  
my full  
share of  
misery'*



"Illness so often has its roots in unhappiness and personal troubles. Problems like that are never easy to solve, but more than once I've found that The Salvation Army can lend a hand."

*where there's need — there's The*  
**SALVATION ARMY**

GIFTS PLEASE TO:  
GENERAL ALBERT ORSBORN, C.B.E., 101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.



*That Cow & Gate Look!*

AT  
**EDMONTON NOW!**



The new abridged Edition of "MOTHERHOOD" is now available. Send 6d in stamps for your copy to Cow & Gate Ltd., Dept. P, Guildford, Surrey.

Once again the doctor's choice of food for the latest Quads to be born in England was Cow & Gate.

The fine, healthy St. Neots Quads and the Bristol Quads are a remarkable testimony to the wisdom of giving Cow & Gate where natural feeding fails.

1935 ST. NEOTS QUADS  
1948 BRISTOL QUADS  
1948 EDMONTON QUADS 4378

**COW & GATE MILK FOOD**

*The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES*

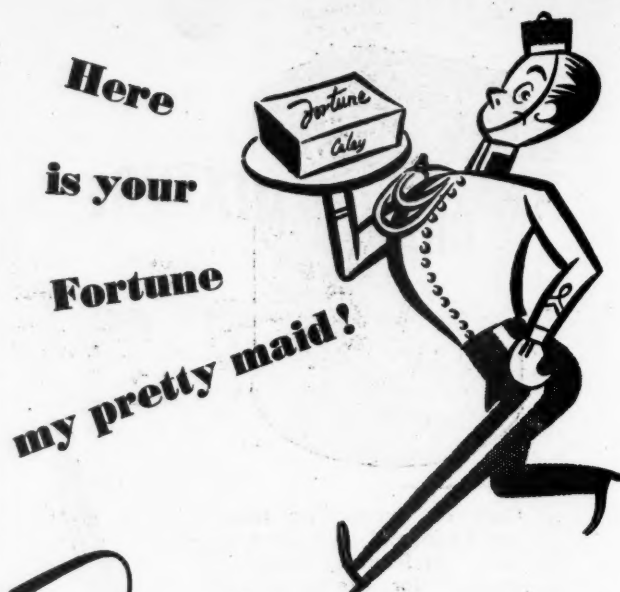


**—Mummy makes them with MARMITE**

It's the lovely rich flavour of sandwiches made with Marmite that children go for. They know it *tastes* good, and you know it *is* good. For besides adding special tastiness, Marmite supplies the essential B<sub>2</sub> vitamins. You can make more than 25 delicious sandwiches from a single ounce of Marmite—how's that for economy? And what's left in the jar will keep for ages.



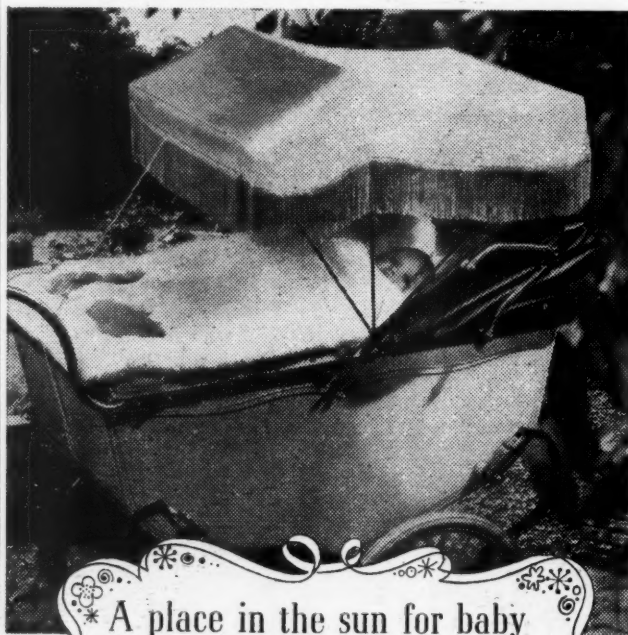
1 oz. 8d. • 2 oz. 1/1 • 4 oz. 2/- • 8 oz. 3/3 • 16 oz. 5/9



Here  
is your  
Fortune  
my pretty maid!



A. J. CALEY & SONS LIMITED NORWICH



**A place in the sun for baby**

With a Morlands 'Tor' Canopy, Baby gets fresh air without glare. All good retailers sell these canopies.

**Morlands 'TOR'**  
CANOPIES AND PRAM RUGS

The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be delighted to have any 'Dayella' clothes that your children may have outgrown.



*In high winds,  
in low winds,  
and in no wind at all,  
In town, in country,  
and by the sea wall . . .*

*Children look their best in*

**'Dayella'**  
REGD.

**IF IT SHRINKS WE REPLACE**

*THE 'DAYELLA' LAYETTE—ROMPERS—BUSTER SUITS—  
SLEEPING SUITS—NIGHTDRESSES—FROCK AND KNICKER  
SETS—AND, OF COURSE, 'DAYELLA' BY THE TARD*

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY LIMITED, VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND  
Spinners, Weavers and Sole Manufacturers of 'VIYELLA,' 'DAYELLA,' and 'GLYDELLA'

BRANCHES, AGENTS AND REPRESENTATIVES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD





*"So this  
is love!"*

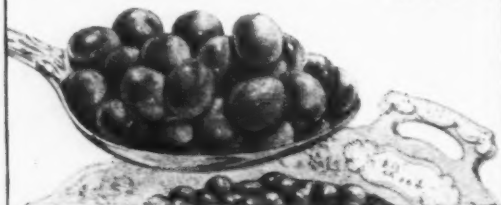
"OF COURSE, George loves me. But sometimes it's hard to believe—for instance, when he 'phones late from the office that he's bringing business friends home to dinner!

"Oh, I know what to do now! I put on my prettiest frock and keep calm, relying on my shelf of Batchelors foods to make the meal a real success and big enough for all. Delicious Batchelors peas with the meat—they're such substantial food! To start—one of Batchelors soups, rich and satisfying. For the sweet course, Batchelors canned fruit—tender and good as fresh fruit just cooked! And I must say my quick meals are popular with my husband *and* all his friends!"

It's really easy to make a marvelous meal in a moment—just see you have plenty of Batchelors wonderful foods in the house. Serve them to brighten dull meals on ordinary days—as well as to delight your guests!

**FOOD NEWS FROM BATCHELORS BEE**

With so little meat in the family meals, serve Batchelors Peas as often as you can—they are rich in body-building protein and energy-giving carbohydrates. Insist on Batchelors!



BP 17/1016/138

**Batchelors**  
**WONDERFUL Foods**

ENGLISH CANNED SOUPS · VEGETABLES · FRUITS

